

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, April 12, 1919.

THE KING'S CALL FOR REAL HOMES FOR WORKERS

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS HIS SOUTH LONDON ESTATE

P8641



The Queen and Prince with Mr. John Buer, aged eighty. He was a well-known clown.

P8641



The Prince talking to a postman named Hearley, who served in France and South Africa.

The Prince of Wales took his mother with him on Thursday when he visited his tenants at Kennington. Under the guidance of the architect a thorough inspection was made of the property, and the Prince renewed the acquaintance with several of the old people.



The Prince takes a personal interest in his tenants, and chatted with the women.

P8641



The Queen and Prince arrive during an entertainment given to workhouse men.

Both the Queen and the Prince of Wales had a long conversation with "Professor" Buer, and her Majesty invited him to be photographed with herself and her son. He is an animal trainer, and claims to be the oldest clown living.

THE KING'S IDEA OF A HOME.

Royal Offensive Against Evils of Slumdom.

HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE.

The King and Queen, both of them deeply interested for many years in the subject of housing and kindred problems, gave renewed evidence of that interest yesterday afternoon.

They received at Buckingham Palace representatives of county, urban and rural councils with a view of enlisting their practical sympathy and co-operation in doing what is possible to solve the housing problem.

The King addressed his visitors at considerable length. Points from his speech were:

Local authorities of England and Wales are now being called upon to take a leading part in dealing with one of the most urgent problems which confront the nation at this moment.

I have been reading lately the words which were spoken by my dear father at the opening of the model dwellings in Boundary-street, built just thirty years ago on the site of some notorious slums.

"There is no question at present," he said, "of greater social importance than the housing of the working classes. We must all sympathise with those who lament that greater progress has not been made, and I hope that the conditions which surround this question—But one thing is certain—that the difficulties must be surmounted."

Twenty years have passed since those words were spoken; but I fear we have yet to lament unsurmountable difficulties of the housing question.

I, too, and members of my family, have been trying to learn at close quarters something of the problem which the nation, with the help of experts such as you, has now to face.

REAL HOMES NEEDED.

Houses Must Be Planned with Eye to Women's Wants.

But how much greater is the problem that confronts us now. For it is not only with the clearance of slums that we have to do—great and urgent as is that aspect of the housing problem. We have to provide a large number of houses on an unprecedented scale, sufficient to make good both the shortage of houses that existed before the war and the vast aggravation of that shortage caused by the almost total cessation of building during the war.

I am informed that the immediate need of working-class houses for England and Wales alone is estimated at approximately 500,000.

It is clear that the architect who designed the new houses must be also "homes." Can we not aim at securing to the working classes in their homes the comfort, leisure, brightness and peace which we usually associate with the word "home."

The sites of the houses must be carefully chosen and laid out, the houses themselves properly planned and equipped.

IMPORTANT "IFS."

How to Combat Child Mortality, Crime and Unrest.

While the housing of the working-classes has always been a question of the greatest social importance, never has it been so important as now.

It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the foundation of all social progress.

Health and happiness are inextricably connected. If this country is to be the country which we desire to see it become, a great offensive must be undertaken against disease and crime.

The first point at which the attack must be delivered is the unhealthy, ugly, over-crowded house in the mean street which we all of us know too well.

If a healthy race is to be reared it can be reared only in healthy homes.

If infant mortality is to be reduced and tuberculosis to be stamped out the first essential is the improvement of housing conditions.

If drink and crime are to be successfully combated, decent sanitary houses must be provided.

If "unrest" is to be converted into contentment, the provision of good houses may prove one of the most potent agents in that conversion.

We are glad to have this opportunity of showing our deep concern in the great task that is before you. The progress of your work will be watched by the Queen and myself with the greatest interest and sympathy.

Premier and Captain Ball.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NOTTINGHAM, Friday.

Arrangements are being made for Mr. Lloyd George to unveil a statue at Nottingham on Good Friday at the site of Captain Ball, V.C., the hero of a hundred air fights.

The Prime Minister will receive the freedom of the city during his visit.



P. McCurdy, M.P.,
who says October may
see end of Food Minis-
try.



Lieut.-General Sir F.
Ivor Maxse has been
appointed G.O.C.
Northern Command.

DUBLIN DECISION.

Five Irish Counties Declared Disturbed Areas—More Police.

COST WOULD BE £1,500,000.

The official *Dublin Gazette* last night announced that the Irish Government have decided to declare the following counties disturbed districts and requiring the establishment of extra police supervision:

Cork, Kerry, Roscommon, Limerick, Tipperary.

It is estimated that should 1,000 police be drafted into these areas the cost would be levied on the counties, and would amount to £1,500,000.

Sure of Support.—"Wherever their occupations took them they might take it from him that the people there are in distress would be watched over and the Irish Government would loyally support them in whatever action they might be called upon to take legally in the course of their duty."

Thus Mr. Macpherson, Irish Secretary, yesterday when presenting two D.C. Medals to members of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Dublin.

TIME TO WAKE UP."

War Play of Mother Who Didn't Believe in Son's Death.

Is the war play dead? Are playgoers turning from the poignant, melancholy to the first ordeal to the fierce lights of the grim shadows as revealed in the mellowing mirrors of art?

These questions will be answered in the fate of "Time to Wake Up," a new comedy by Evelyn Glover, produced yesterday at the New Theatre.

In many respects Evelyn Glover has given us the sincerest play of the war that the English stage has produced.

In the story of the Fulham mother who declines to believe in her son's death and in the manner of their adventures together in France there are moments of tense and inevitable emotion.

It is seldom that we are allowed to see so lovely and so natural a performance as Miss Clark Greet's mother.

Mr. Reginald Bach played the Cockney soldier son with a certain easy inspiration that stood out in substance and character.

RIVALS IN LOVE.

Court Story of a Revolver—Case Dismissed.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SOUTHPORT, Friday.

The story of a girl's choice between rival lovers was told at Southport to-day.

Lieutenant Frank A. Loftus, twenty-three, was charged on remand with wounding Annie Ellen Cottam, a girl of seventeen.

The evidence showed that Loftus, a man named McCluskey, and Miss Cottam met, when the girl was asked to decide which of the two she would accept.

Suddenly a revolver went off in the prisoner's pocket.

It was stated that Lieutenant Loftus asked somebody to take the revolver off him and it was then passed out of his hand. A third shot went off hitting another man.

Miss Cottam said that before the first shot was fired she told Lieutenant Loftus that she had decided in his favour.

The Court decided that there was no evidence to show how the revolver went off and the case would be dismissed.

BISHOP AND RECTOR.

The Bishop of London, asked whether the "three hours' service" which is to be conducted by Miss Maud Royden on Good Friday at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, has his lordship's sanction, writes: "I have neither been asked for sanction nor granted it. The rector knows that he is disobeying my express wishes."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England: Fresh or strong winds between S.W. and W.; variable sky; some showers or slight rain with fair intervals. Local mist; continuing mild.

CAVELL HOME.

Queen Alexandra Opens Memorial at the London Hospital.

DAILY MIRROR' READERS' FUND

Queen Alexandra visited the London Hospital yesterday afternoon to open the home which originally was intended to be named after herself, but according to the wishes of her Majesty to be the name of Edith Cavell.

Afterwards the Danish Minister presented to her Majesty a cheque for £7,000 gathered amongst Danes in Denmark and in London, together with an address to the Queen from the subscribers.

It will be remembered that *The Daily Mirror* and its readers raised a sum of £10,000 in 95.5d. of March 1916, for the Edith Cavell Memorial Fund, which was decided to devote the fund to the establishment of an Edith Cavell Home for Nurses attached to the London Hospital.

The fund was started by *The Daily Mirror* in response to thousands of appeals from its women readers and contributions came from almost every corner of the earth.

On the occasion of the completion of the fund Queen Alexandra sent a telegram saying: "I must congratulate you from my heart on the prompt realisation of such a wonderful effort in succeeding so soon in raising £10,000 for the Edith Cavell Home." Then Lord Mayor (Sir Charles Wakefield) characterised the fund as "a noteworthy performance of which the readers of your journal in the world might be proud."

It was organised so that the memory of that noble English woman, who was "glad to die for her country" in Brussels, should be perpetuated.

LIFE'S HANDICAP.

Story of a Nottingham Boy Who Has Had "No Chance."

From Our Own Correspondent.

NOTTINGHAM, Friday.

Father, a convict, had had five wives, and at the time of the boy's birth was living under the same roof with a woman he had bigamously married.

That was the first chapter in the story told by the Nottingham police in the case of a sixteen-year-old boy charged yesterday with stealing property worth £6 from his employer.

Second Chapter.—The boy's mother died; the father turned the other woman adrift, and then married a respectable girl, whom he subsequently deserted at Dorking.

"The saddest case we have heard; the boy has been handicapped all through," said the Nottingham magistrates.

The boy was remanded in order to get him a chance to go to sea.

DRAMA OF SEA ARREST.

High and Notorious Individual Trying to Enter Germany.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAL, Friday.

Considerable interest was caused here to-day by the smart capture from the German steamer Stambul of a suspect believed to be a very high and notorious individual.

The Stambul entered the Downs at half-past one this morning bound from Levant to Hamburg. I understand that a vessel of that name and of German nationality has been expected for several weeks, and that on board her was a person of some standing, who was trying to get into Germany.

Shortly before noon to-day a British destroyer went out to the Stambul, and it is understood, arrested the individual and proceeded to Dover. The Stambul has since been allowed to continue her voyage.

RAYMOND MYSTERY.

New Discovery in the Case of the Missing 12-Year-Old Girl.

"I think that Cissie cannot be in London, or we should have heard from her," Mr. Raymond said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The mystery of his daughter, the twelve-year-old girl who disappeared from her home in Soho a week ago, is still unbroken.

The latest light was thrown on the case by the discovery that letters written to Cissie's schoolmistress in February and last month to explain the girl's absence from school were not in Mr. Raymond's handwriting, which indicate that Cissie has for some time been acquainted with some unknown man.

Mr. Raymond is offering a reward of £10 for information leading to the recovery of his daughter. Information should be sent to Mr. Raymond, 54, Greek-street, Soho, or to Detective-Inspектор Mercer, of Vine-street.

THE PRINCE AND BOXING.

"Boxing tournaments foster the public school spirit and develop in teams and individuals those qualities of self-reliance, endurance, pluck and self-sacrifice which go to build up a strong and healthy-minded race."

Thus the Prince of Wales yesterday at the Regent-street Polytechnic. (See page 14.)

VEGETABLES DEARER AND MUTTON SCARCE.

More Money Needed to Fill the Market Basket.

NEW MILK PRICES.

This week-end vegetables tend to be scarcer and dearer than ever, and in the meat markets the shortage of mutton continues.

Veal and woodcocks are remarked as features at Smithfield.

Vegetables.—Cauliflowers that were 1s. each last week were yesterday 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. Parsnips 4d. to 5d. a lb. turnips 4d. a lb., broccoli 5d. a lb. Parsnips were cheaper at 1d. a lb., carrots and turnips still at low prices.

Cucumbers, *The Daily Mirror* learns, are scarce again and have risen from last week's prices of 10d. and 1s. to 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. each. Lettuces are hard to get and have jumped from 3d. to 5d. for two days no supplies have been received from France. Tomatoes still 1s. 6d. a lb. Spring onions plentiful, but will be cheaper in a week or two.

Spanish onions are noticeably cheaper at 2d. and 3d. a lb. Leeks are still an economical dish.

The cold nights have shortened the supply of asparagus, and it is again selling at 8s. a lb., as compared with 5s. earlier in the week.

Fruit.—There were no changes in this market yesterday, but a noticeable fall in prices is to be expected to-day or early next week.

MORE BANANAS EXPECTED.

A large Cape fruit-boat is expected to berth in the river this afternoon or on Monday. She is reported to carry grapes, pears, melons and possibly peaches and apricots.

Meat.—Beef is in good supply, but mutton is still scarce.

A much better supply of excellent calves came into Smithfield yesterday.

"A butcher could not wish for better little beasts," said a dealer. "They will make the

THE WEEK'S BEST READING.

The following absorbing articles will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*:

AFTER FIVE MONTHS! Let us clear up the war aftermath at home.—By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

FUTURE OF THE EX-SOLDIER.—By Austin Harrison, Editor of "The English Review."

GIVE THE CHURCH ITS CHANCE!—By the Rev. William Temple, D.Litt., leader of the "Life and Liberty" movement.

WHY BRITAIN IS BAD-TEMPERED.—By Thomas Burke.

nice small joints that people are demanding in these days of high prices.

Fowl are plentiful, woodcock selling well at 2s. to 2s. 6d. each wholesale, as Dutch wildfowl and Swedish birds, that are usually plentiful in this season, are not coming into the market.

Milk.—In quarters in close touch with the Commission which has been investigating the conditions of that market, it is now known that retail prices will be fixed at 6d. per quart for May and June, 7d. for July and 8d. for August.

LONDON-PARIS AIR RECORD

R.A.F. Pilot Completes 215 Miles in 75 Minutes.

A new record has been established by a Royal Air Force pilot for the flight from London to Paris.

Starting with dispatches from Hendon at 3.20 p.m. on Tuesday, the pilot landed at Paris (Buc) in seventy-five minutes after his departure.

The course followed was via Dieppe, involving a crossing of seventy miles.

As the distance from point to point is 215 miles, the average ground speed of the machine was 172 miles per hour.

The machine was a Martinsyde single-seater scout, fitted with a Rolls-Royce Falcon Mark III. engine of 275-h.p.

ESCORT TRAGEDY.

New Light on Handcuffed Men's Dash for Liberty.

The Lambeth shooting affray, in which Private Robert Thomas Savage was shot dead by his escort while attempting to escape from military custody, will be inquired into by Mr. S. Ingleby Oddle on Monday.

The circumstances of the tragedy are variously related, but it is clear that Savage, who belonged to the 16th Labour Company, A.S.C., with five other military prisoners, was being taken to Waterloo Station from Kennington-road Police Station.

When the party reached Lower Marsh, Savage and the man to whom he was handcuffed, Private Kitchin, of the Royal Scots, made a dash for liberty.

Lance-Corporal Debues and Riflemen Clark, who were escorting the men, called on them to stop and threatened to fire, but the fugitives continued their way. A shot rang out, and Savage fell, dying subsequently on removal to hospital.

THE KING'S CURE FOR UNREST, CRIME AND DISEASE

NO PEACE TREATY BY EASTER.

Good Progress, but Vital Points Still Unsettled.

PREMIER "SATISFIED"

"To-day it is finished." With these words Mr. Philip Kerr, secretary to Mr. Lloyd George, concluded an interview with the *Petit Journal*, says Reuter's Paris correspondent.

The peace deliberations, declares Mr. Kerr, are making good progress.

Differences of opinion which had lately developed had been very much exaggerated, and they had been smoothed over in the course of the last few meetings.

To-day general agreement exists on all questions concerning peace with Germany, except regarding the frontier with frontiers, the question of reparations and indemnities, and the frontiers of the Rhine and Poland.

Certain details have still to be settled, and they will be settled within the next two or three days.

"As soon as the drafting of the treaty has been completed, that is in a fortnight or three weeks, the German delegates will be summoned to Versailles."

VITAL POINTS TO BE FACED.

"Mr. Lloyd George," added Mr. Kerr, "is quite satisfied with what has been done."

"He has always been of the opinion that if Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States can only agree in imposing peace, as well as they agreed as to carrying on the war against the Central Empires, the work of the Paris Conference will last, and many dangers, for example that of Bolshevikism, will be avoided."

Regarding the Rhine frontier, the *Echo de Paris* reports that Marshal Foch, Petain and Joffre have sent a report to M. Clemenceau claiming the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine as the only means of enabling the Allies to bring the necessary pressure to bear on Germany to ensure the fulfilment of the Peace Treaty.

The Polish question again bristles with difficulties—Paderewski—and there is the matter of Italy and the Adriatic to be settled. In Rome the position is regarded as serious.

AMERICA SCORES.

Secures Safety of Monroe Doctrine in League of Nations Covenant.

Geneva, as foreshadowed some days ago, has been chosen as the headquarters of the League of Nations, and the Commission has also adopted provisions specially providing that the Monroe doctrine shall not be affected by the League covenant. The Japanese amendment regarding equality of races has yet to be dealt with.

According to the *Œuvre* (quoted by Reuter), the German delegates will not be allowed to discuss the territorial clauses of the preliminaries of peace, and it is only after their acceptance of them that they will be able to discuss financial questions—notably those relating to reparations and indemnities.

The *Œuvre* adds that, in the event of the German delegates refusing to agree to the territorial clauses, the armistice will be terminated.

The fate of the Saar coalfields, which France claims, is not yet definitely settled.

According to the *Le Monde*, the coalfield in principle and the exploitation of the mines will be acquired by France, under a governing regime distinct from that of the rest of Germany and under an International Administrative regime in which France will take a part.

SULTAN'S PROCLAMATION.

Cairo, April 6 (received yesterday). The *Official Journal* publishes a proclamation by the Sultan, of which the following is a translation, in the course of which he says:

"I ask my children the Egyptians to command themselves not to continue manifestations which in certain places have led to regrettable consequences and not to allow themselves to depart from calm and complete serenity and to devote themselves each and everyone to his customary occupation."—Reuter.

DANZIG FIGHTING.

Fighting in Danzig streets is reported by Reuter from Berlin. The message says:

A sanguinary encounter occurred between the troops who were keeping the square clear in front of the railway station and the crowd.

The troops had been subjected to abuse and molestation the whole day by the crowd, and being finally obliged to clear the square, they fired, killing three persons and wounding several others.

Call to Nation to Banish Slums and Provide Houses That Are Real Homes.

MR. CHURCHILL'S PLEDGE TO ARCTIC FORCE.

The King's Call.—Addressing housing experts at Buckingham Palace yesterday, the King called for a great housing crusade to provide brighter and healthier homes for the people, and by this means to stamp out crime, disease, infant mortality and unrest.

Peace Progress.—The drafting of the Peace Treaty will be completed in a fortnight or three weeks at latest, says Mr. Kerr, the Premier's private secretary. Agreement has not yet been reached on the indemnity and frontier questions, but the Premier is satisfied with the progress made.

Our Arctic Force.—Mr. Churchill stated yesterday that the Premier had authorised the fullest measures to be taken for the relief of our force at Archangel. There could be no question of deserting them.

I LEARNED FACTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

The King and Wives' Concern in Housing.

The King and Queen, both of them deeply interested for many years in the subject of housing, have kindred problems yet to be solved in view of the recent restrictions.

They received at Buckingham Palace representatives of county, urban and rural councils with a view of enlisting their practical sympathy and co-operation in doing what is possible to solve problems which five years of war have rendered more acute than ever.

The King addressed his visitors at considerable length. Points from his speech were:

Local authorities of England and Wales are now being called upon to take a lead in part with one of the most urgent problems which confront the nation at this moment.

The adequate solution of the housing question will depend in no small measure upon the energy and ability of the local authorities.

GRAVE NATIONAL DANGER.

The housing problem is not a new problem. It is an old problem which has been aggravated by the last five years of war, and which the forced neglect of those five grim years has rendered so acute as to constitute a grave national danger, if it is not promptly and energetically attacked.

I have been reading lately the words which were spoken by my dear father at the opening of his model dwellings in Boundary-street, built just twenty years ago on the site of some notorious slums.

"There is no question at present," he said, "of greater social importance than the housing of the working classes. We must all sympathise with those who lament that greater progress has not been made in the solution of the difficulties which surround this great question. But one thing is certain—that the difficulties must be surmounted."

Twenty years have passed since those words were spoken, but I fear we have yet to lament unsurmounted difficulties of the housing question.

I, too, and members of my family, have been trying to learn at close quarters something of the problem which the nation, with the help of experts such as you, has now to face.

REAL HOMES NEEDED.

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But how much greater is the problem that confronts us now. For it is not only with the clearance of slums that we have to deal—great and urgent as is that aspect of the housing problem—but also with the provision of new houses on an unprecedented scale, sufficient to make good both the shortage of houses that existed before the war and the vast aggravation of that shortage caused by the almost total cessation of building.

I am informed that the immediate need of working-class houses for England and Wales alone is estimated at approximately 500,000.

To meet this need the same unfiring energy and enthusiasm will be required as that which enabled the country to meet the demand for munitions of war.

As it is not merely "houses" that are needed, the new houses must be "homes." Can we not aim at securing to the working classes in their homes the comfort, leisure, brightness and peace which we usually associate with the word "home?"

The sites of the houses must be carefully chosen and laid out, the houses themselves properly planned and equipped.

I would ask you not to overlook the supreme

importance of the planning and equipment of houses to the women who will live in them, and whose convenience should therefore be a prime consideration.

'WE WILL NOT DESERT OUR ARCTIC FORCE.'

Mr. Churchill Says Troops Must Be Relieved.

THE PEACE TERMS.

"Impossible for Everybody to Have All They Want."

The coming peace was dealt with by Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking yesterday at a luncheon given by the Aldwych Club at the Connaught Rooms.

We are all anxiously waiting for the results of the deliberations of the Peace Conference he said.

We are in what is called the hush before the storm. An oppressive silence broods over Fleet-street before the peace bursts upon them with its unexampled severity.

Any agreement which is reached must be judged as a whole, and no part of it must be judged except in relation to the general settlement.

Fragmentary disclosures and fragmentary discussions would be mischievous and futile. We have chosen our ablest men.

NO FLEETING TRIUMPH.

The difficulties and perplexities of their task are unexampled. Nobody is going to get all they want. I will go so far as to say that nobody ought to get all they want. Everybody must expect to have something to grumble about.

It is not a game of grab we are playing, but the game of just and lasting.

The great mass of the people of this country puts its confidence in the Prime Minister. The country does not wish to harass or bully its representatives. It does not want them to make a peace which will have fleeting triumph and then a few months later prove to be an utter failure.

We want a solid superstructure on broad, deep and sure foundations, set up by men who feel themselves responsible to posterity as well as to their generation.

DESTRUCTIVE AND DEGRADED

Bolshevism the Worst Tyranny in History, Says Mr. Churchill.

The course of events in the United Kingdom since the armistice gave us good reason to be satisfied, said Mr. Churchill, who added the following observations on the course of events on the Continent were as favourable.

The British nation was the foe of tyranny in every form. That is why we fought Kaiserism; that is why we would fight it again. That is why we are opposing Bolshevism.

Of all the tyrannies in history Bolshevism was the worst, the most destructive, and the most degrading.

It was sheer hubris to pretend that it was not far worse than German militarism. The tyrannies of the Russian people under Lenin and Trotsky were incomparably more hideous and on a large scale than any for which the Kaiser was responsible.

Every British and French soldier killed last year was really done to death by Lenin and Trotsky, not in fair war, but, as the result of the treacherous desertion of an ally without parallel in the history of the world.

It would be right for our army and our allies raised on a compulsory basis to Russia. It might easily do harm, both to us and the Russian people. If Russia was to be saved, it must be by Russian manhood.

NORTH RUSSIAN PERIL.

Prime Minister Gives Authority for Relief Measures.

In North Russia, Mr. Churchill continued, the Bolsheviks had continually attacked the British troops sent there against Germany, and who were now cut off by the ice from the resources of their fellow-countrymen.

Here we were in actual warfare with the representatives of the Bolshevik Government and its armies, and whatever views might be held by any section, the fact must be agreed that our men sent there by the orders of the Government should be properly supported and relieved from their dangers. (Cheers.)

We have no intention whatever of deserting our men and leaving them on this icy shore to the mercy of this cruel foe. The Prime Minister had given him the fullest authority to take what general measures the Army Staff thought necessary to see that our men were relieved from the perils with which they are confronted, and so far as was physically possible they would take what measures were required. (Cheers.)

Cairo, April 6 (received yesterday). The *Official Journal* publishes a proclamation by the Sultan, of which the following is a translation, in the course of which he says:

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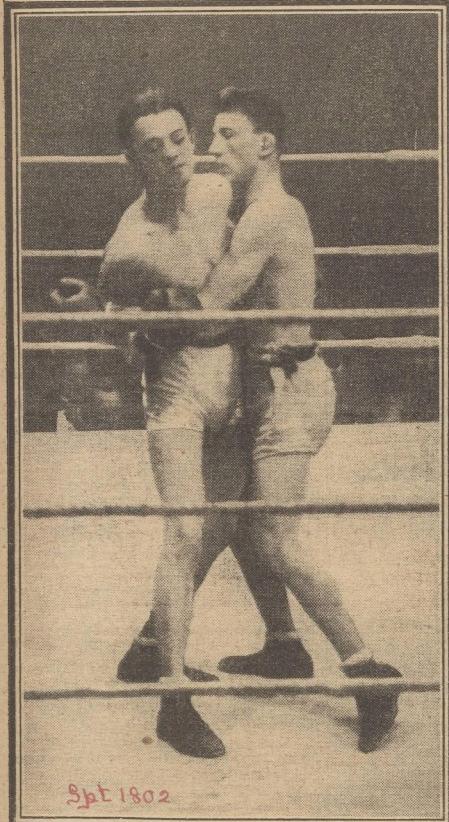
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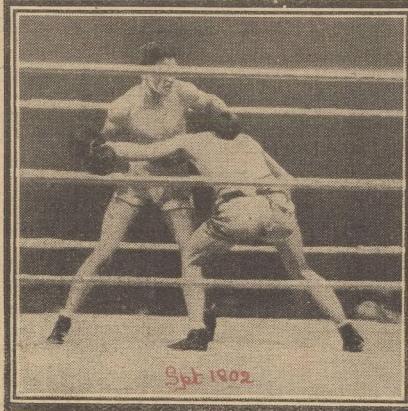
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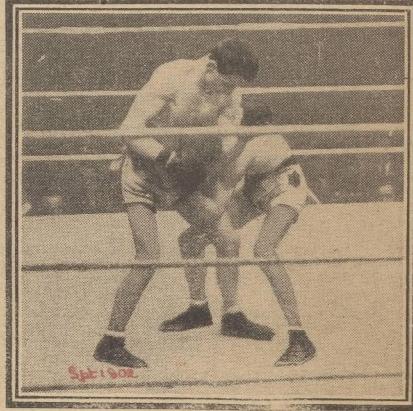
NOBLE BEATS CRIQUI: FRENCHMAN KNOCKED OUT IN NINETEENTH ROUND.



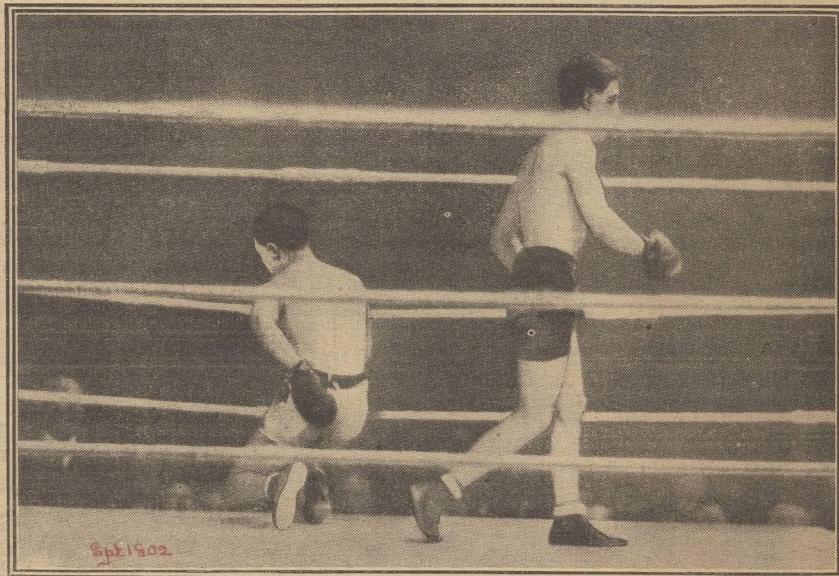
It was a hugging contest. A clinch.



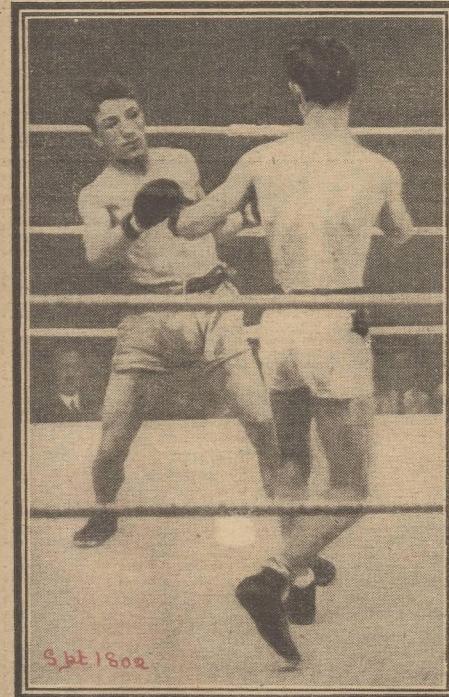
How a straight left went astray.



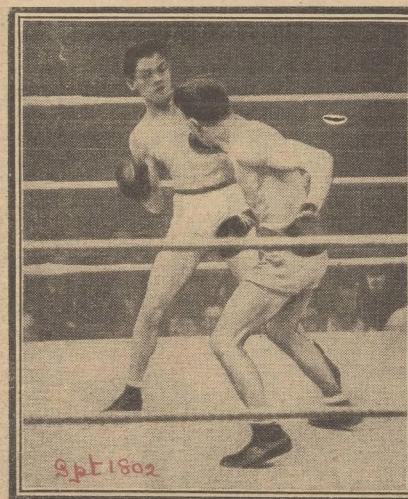
Criqui ducking to avoid punishment.



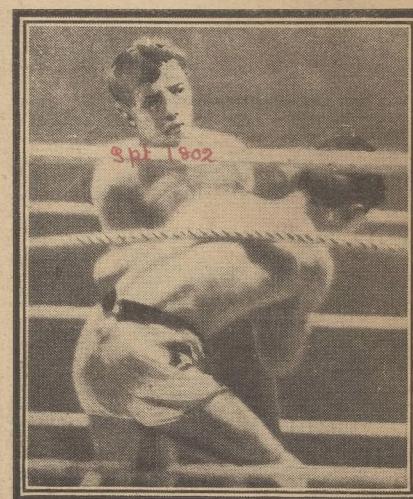
Criqui falls to his knees after wracking his thigh. This was the last incident of the contest.



At long range. Noble ready with his left.



Sparring for an opening. (Criqui facing camera.)



Noble forces Criqui to the ropes.

There was more wrestling than boxing in the glove contest between Tommy Noble and Eugene Criqui, which resulted in the Frenchman being knocked out in the nineteenth

round. The match took place at the Holborn Stadium, the most important event in the Anglo-French night programme.—(Exclusive Daily Mirror photographs.)

MR. CHURCHILL ON THE COMING TREATY OF PEACE

LABOUR PARLIAMENT FOR THE WORLD.

States, Employers and Workers to Meet.

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY.

Before a full meeting of the Peace Conference in public Mr. G. N. Barnes submitted the report of the Labour Commission, which has drawn up an International Labour Charter modelled on British lines.

—Mr. Lloyd George, his face wreathed in smiles, entered the Conference with Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes explained that the Commission had issued along with its report two separate drafts, one being the text of a scheme of international organisation, the other a collection of nine resolutions for insertion in the Peace Treaty.

We had to give up ideas of coercion and to rely mainly on the goodwill of States to accept or reject advice.

At one time I was in favour of penalties. Close inspection, however, led me to the conclusion that penalties must be kept in the background and imposed then only by the League of Nations.

Then came the period of coercion which is needed, so much as knowledge and goodwill. We have therefore provided for conferences of States, employers and workers to be held in the light of day.

For the first time in history they were seeking to get the co-operation of all concerned—States, employers and workers engaged in a common cause and animated by a common desire to raise the standard of life everywhere.

It will be the business of the organisation which we propose to establish to create and mobilise human public opinion.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE.

The document provides for an annual conference to be held, unless otherwise provided, at the seat of the League of Nations. The conference will consist of four members from each State, two being representatives of the State and one each of workmen and employers respectively.

There will be a permanent office also situated at the capital of the League of Nations.

Proposals endorsed by a conference by two-thirds of the votes cast are to be in the form of a draft convention, or alternatively, in the form of a recommendation.

For the first time in history, but a State adopting a convention is bound by it.

As to the enforcement clauses, reliance is placed on publicity and inquiry, with an appeal in the last resort to the League of Nations, the International Court of which may vary or reverse any decision.

We propose a conference being held this year at Washington.—Reuter.

WHEN CHINA MIGHT BE A MENACE TO THE WORLD.

Delegate's Demand for Return of Entente Territories.

PARIS, Friday.
Liang Chi Chao, the former Minister who is in Paris with the Chinese delegation to the Peace Conference, has issued a sensational pamphlet, entitled "China and the Peace of the World," says a Reuter Paris message.

He says that China demands complete freedom from foreign influence, the cancellation of outstanding treaties, the return of British, French, German and Japanese leased territories, Customs reform, the cancellation of the Boxer indemnity and the agreement of 1918, under which China has borrowed twenty millions.

He, however, blames Germany who twenty years ago started a policy of breaking up China.

In return for the return of Wei-hai-Wei, etc., China says it is willing to open up its resources to the whole world, to cease policies of obstruction, and to remove laws restricting foreigners from doing business in the interior.

"Unless this is done, China will become a menace to the peace of the world."

ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

Major Morgan and Lieutenant Raynham have arrived at St. John's (Newfoundland) with their Martinsyde aeroplane.—Reuter.

If conditions permit Major Woods will essay the transatlantic flight on Tuesday.

CALM AFTER STORM.

A telegram just received from General Allenby, says the Foreign Office, states that Cairo is outwardly quiet, but that there is still some disturbance in the poorer part of the city by hooligans.

Grave Warning Against Peril of Germany "Going Red"—"Near Complete Collapse."

"NO DESERTION OF OUR ARCTIC FORCE."

Mr. Churchill on the Coming Peace.—Speaking in London yesterday Mr. Churchill said the peace we were making was not a game of grab, and every nation must be prepared to have something to grumble about. Mr. Churchill gave a grave warning against the peril of Germany joining the Bolsheviks. The Premier, said Mr. Churchill, had authorised the fullest measures to be taken for the relief of our force at Archangel. There could be no question of deserting them.

WHERE SHALL WE BE IF HUNS SUCCUMB?

"Indemnity and Trade at Stake"—Mr. Churchill.

NO "GRAB ALL" PEACE.

Important statements on the North Russia peril and the coming peace with Germany were made by Mr. Churchill in a speech yesterday at a luncheon given by the Aldwych Club.

In North Russia, Mr. Churchill said, the Bolsheviks had continually attacked the British troops sent there against Germany, and who were now cut off by the ice from the resources of their fellow-countrymen.

Here we were in actual warfare with the representatives of the Bolsheviks, and whatever our aims and whatever views might be held by my section of the country we must all be agreed that our men sent there by the orders of the Government should be properly supported and relieved from their dangers. (Cheers.)

We have no intention whatever of deserting our men and leaving them on this icy shore to the mercy of this cruel foe. The Prime Minister had given him the fullest authority to take what general measures the Army Staff thought necessary to secure our ends.

Mr. Churchill went on:—

The British nation was the foe of tyranny in every form. That is why we fought Kaiserism; that is why we would fight it again. That is why we are opposing Bolshevism.

TREACHERY WITHOUT PARALLEL.

Of all the tyrannies in history Bolshevism was the worst, the most destructive, and the most degrading.

It was sheer hubris to pretend that it was not far worse than German militarism. The tyrannies of the Russian people under Lenin and Trotsky were incomparably more hideous and on a larger scale than any for which the Kaiser was responsible.

Every British and French soldier killed last year was really born to death by Lenin and Trotsky, not in fair war, but, as the result of the treacherous desertion of an ally without parallel in the history of the world.

It would not be right for us to send out armies raised on a compulsory basis to Russia. If Russia was to be saved, it must be by Russian manhood.

"NOT A GAME OF GRAB"

Peace Treaty—"Nobody Will Get All They Want."

On the question of peace, Mr. Churchill said: Any agreement which is reached must be judged as a whole, and no part of it must be judged except in relation to the general settlement.

The difficulties and perplexities of their task are unexampled. Nobody is going to get all they want. I will go so far as to say that nobody ought to get all they want. Everybody must expect to have something to grumble about.

It is not a game of grab we are playing, but the quest of a just and lasting peace.

The greatest task of the people of this country put its confidence in the Prime Minister.

Dealing with Germany, Mr. Churchill said: Making peace with Germany does not mean making friends with Germany.

GERMANY NEAR COLLAPSE.

After all that has happened this generation can never extirpate from the world, at its very lowest, peace means a state of affairs where certain common interests are recognised.

With Russia on our hands in a state of utter ruin, with the greater part of Europe and Asia on the brink of famine, with bankruptcy, anarchy and revolution threatening victory as well as vanquished, we cannot afford to drive over to the Bolshevik camp the orderly and stable forces in the German democracy.

All available information indicated that Germany was now very near complete collapse.

All his military advisers had warned him that the most vital step which they ought to take immediately in order to secure the victory was to feed Germany.

The Government was tottering, and if it fell no

FRENCH TROOPS WILL HOLD SEVASTOPOL.

British Navy Helps in Odessa Evacuation.

ARCHANGEL SUCCESS.

The evacuation of Odessa by the Allied troops was completed without any casualties.

British men-of-war assisted, and about 25,000 Russian and Greek refugees were evacuated on British and other transports.

About ninety British civilians remained in the town at their own desire, and it is considered that they are in any danger.

Bolshevik troops have entered the Crimea, and the Russian Volunteer troops are reported to be retiring in disorder on Sevastopol.

French troops at Sevastopol have been reinforced, and have received orders to hold the town.

A Paris Exchange message says: A special telegram to the *Intransigent* states that the advance of the Bolsheviks is likely to force the Allies to evacuate Sevastopol.—Exchange.

400 RED CASUALTIES.—The Bolshevik attack against our positions in the Shredenevchenko area was launched in great fury after all preliminary fighting throughout the night, and was completely repulsed, the enemy casualties being 400.

The main attack was carried out by 2,300 men (exclusive of reserves), and a greater proportion of artillery than usual was used by the enemy.

The object of the Bolsheviks in carrying out this attack was to break through to the Dwina and cut off our southernmost troops on this river.

(BRITISH ARCHANGEL OFFICIAL.)

A detachment of the Sino-British Legion, under Lieutenant Brian, Royal Scots, raided the Bolshevik position at Bolsevoetski, destroying a blockhouse, killing the garrison, and capturing nine prisoners, including an officer, and two machine guns.

A detachment of the Russian National Army also carried out a successful raid at Kadish.

London Troops for Russia.—An enthusiastic send-off was given to the first company of London infantry troops who have volunteered for the Northern Russian Relief Force when they started from Whitehall yesterday.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF DANZIG.

German Commission to Study Bolshevik Regime in Russia.

Fighting in Danzig streets is reported by Reuter from Berlin. The message says:—

A sanguinary encounter occurred between the troops who were keeping the square clear in front of the railway station and the crowd.

The troops had been subjected to abuse and molestation the whole day by the crowd, and being finally obliged to clear the square, they first killing three persons and wounding several others.

Regarding the disturbances which have taken place at Dusseldorf, the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* says that a crowd assembled before the Sparatzic headquarters. Suddenly shots were fired, wounding some soldiers.

The military intervened against the crowd, which erected barricades.

The troops opened machine guns and small arms fire. The Spartacists withdrew, leaving behind twenty-five killed and a number of wounded.—Reuter.

Brunswick is under control of the Spartacists and has been declared a Soviet republic.

The Independent Socialists proposed at the Soviet Congress in Berlin that a Commission should be sent to Russia in order to study conditions in the Soviet Republic, the Commission to consider a statement to the next Soviet Congress.

Herr Noske stated that there were in and around Berlin so many troops that efforts to incite the people to revolt could not succeed.—Central News.

MR. ASQUITH ON PEACE.

"We did not go into the war for selfish objects, and we shall, I feel confident, come out of the peace with clean hands," said Mr. Asquith, speaking at an Independent Liberal dinner at the Connaught Rooms last night.

"Do not let us or any of those concerned forget that one of the paramount aims of peace, while safeguarding the world against the recurrence of war, should be to close, and not to keep open, wounds."

Mr. Asquith said the news from Hull showed evidence of a rapid and thorough-going repentance.

He did not doubt the fidelity of many old friends who stood as Coalition candidates, but, like the watermen, they had been forced to look one way and row another.

FARM WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

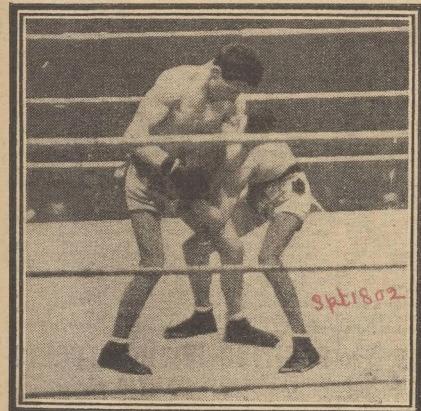


Farm workers from all parts assembled at Essex Hall yesterday for a conference concerning wages and hours of work. On the extreme right is C. Duncan, general secretary of the union, and next to him Mr. J. Beard, the president.

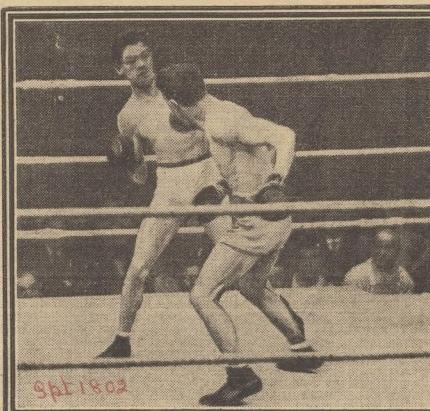
“THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.”



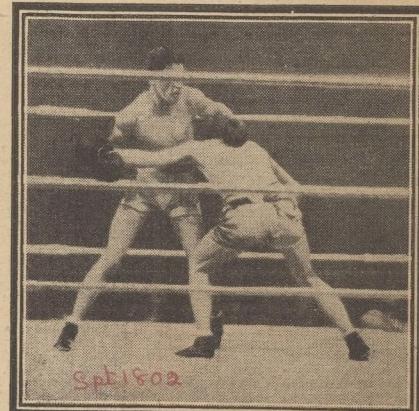
Barbara and Sam, the famous bears at the Zoo are no longer on war rations, and fall asleep after a plenitude of buns.



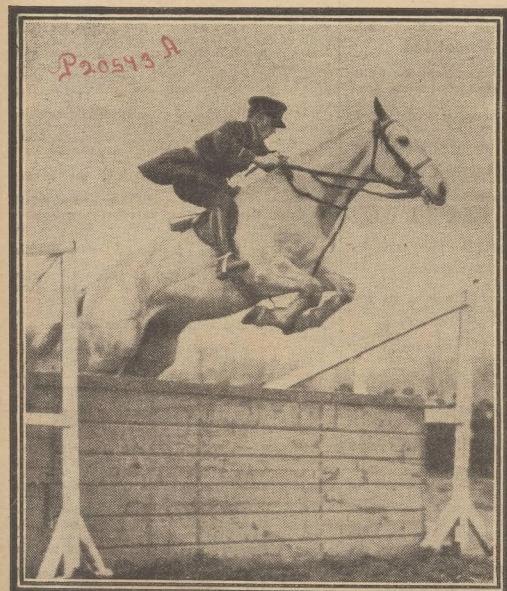
Criqui ducking to avoid punishment.



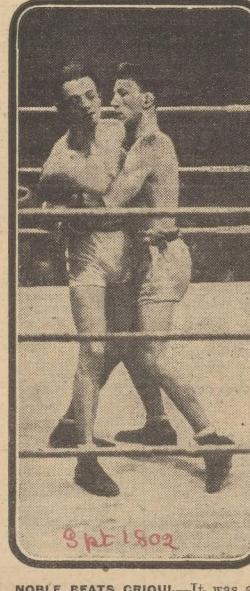
Sparring for an opening. (Criqui facing camera.)



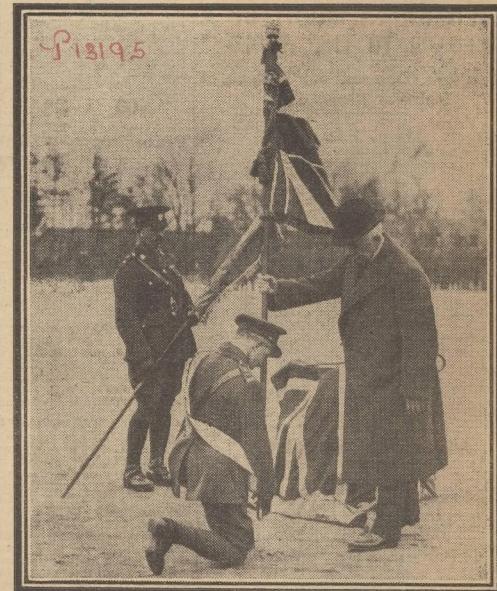
How a straight left went astray.



ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SPORTS.—Lieutenant Harris taking the first obstacle in the officers' jumping competition. The sports were held at Woolwich yesterday.



NOBLE BEATS CRIQUI.—It was a hugging contest and resulted in the Frenchman being knocked out in the nineteenth round. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)



COLOURS FOR OVERSEAS REGIMENT.—Sir Edward Kemp, Canadian Minister of Defence, handing new colours to the 2nd Battalion East Ontario Regiment at Bramshott yesterday.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919.

DOCTORS AND PLAGUE.

THE doctors have been sitting in debate about "influenza," as they persist in euphemistically naming the form of pneumonic plague that has followed in the track of the war.

Very significant facts were brought out about the appalling ravages of the disease.

One State in British India, for example, lost 44 per cent. of its inhabitants. "Villages were wiped out and many others lost half their population." Lonely places, far from obvious infection, suffered as much or worse, than big cities with their multitudes of herded humanity, unprecedented in the history of the world. The Army in France suffered with the rest—"a brigade of artillery had one-third of its whole strength taken ill within forty-eight hours." Safely we may assert that nothing has been seen like this danger and this disease since the Black Death swept over Europe from Central Asia, in the middle of the fourteenth century; thereby convulsing the whole structure of mediæval society and making way for the new order that followed it.

We must prepare for a return of the disease. We must prepare for its return with possibly increased severity. And the way to prepare for it is not by labelling it, and everything else that baffles diagnosis, "influenza," but by recognising that doctors have so far failed to discover anything definite about it, or to propose anything except "weather" as a cause—a "pessimistic" explanation, surely, since weather is beyond our control!

We agree with the doubts of Sir Wilmot Herringham that "the present disease is influenza at all." We hope some better remedy will be found than "going to bed and staying there"—often to die of pneumonia. And we suggest, we urge, no sparing of money, time, and skill in research and precaution against this threat to humanity.

What a thought it is that the new plague might have been diminished or suppressed, had men not been compelled to spend in killing one another the treasure and invention so urgently needed for the healing work of science!

WELCOMING SPRING.

IT would be pleasant to restore to the world, what ancient civilisations did not lack—some ordered form of joyful ceremony for the welcome of the new year, which really comes, not in January, but in the spring . . .

The trouble is that you never know when the spring is coming; and, if you arrange with dear sentimentalists (like Ruskin) that you will go forth garlanded, say, on the first of May, you may so often have to go forth, thus garlanded, in the snow, or with huge hailstones beating upon you. For April and May have a nasty habit, not only of "weeping their girlish tears," as the poet says, after "laughing their girlish laughter," but also of hurling their Bolshevick bricks, truculently.

A fixed time, a determined ceremony, then would not do. But some ceremony—not like Armistice Day—there ought to be: some lay equivalent—after so much sorrow—of next week's religious ceremonies of the Church.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 11.—Now is the time to plant violas and pansies. The former must be given moist and half-shady quarters to grow in, but violas flower best in the full sunshine, where, if continually relieved of worn-out shoots and faded flowers, they will bloom throughout the summer.

Careful attention to watering during hot weather and dust the soil around the plants occasionally with soot.

Strong roots of biennials may also be set out. These favourite subjects, Canterbury bells, fox-gloves, Sweet Williams, etc., make a delightful show when seen in bold masses.

E. F. T.

MUST ENGLAND LOSE HER HEDGES?

THREAT AGAINST A BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

By JOAN KENNEDY.

A LAND of little gardens."

That is how the foreigner describes old England when first he visits our land, and the Britisher, visiting the Continent, is first struck by the fact that the hedgerows which form so familiar a feature of the countryside at home are missing.

Our hedges are part and parcel of our pretty countryside and are loved by Britons, as are the white cliffs of Kent and the smoky smell of London. One thinks of them especially at this season of beginning bloom and colour.

Now comes a hint of the abolition of the hedgerows.

It is estimated that redundant hedges throughout England and Wales occupy 500,000 acres.

A well-known principal of a well-known

Whatever would our birds do if England were robbed of her hedges?

Where would the cattle find shade in summer and shelter from the blasts of winter?

Where would all our wild flowers go if the plough could reach every habitat?

Hedges are only used to form barriers, the utilitarian will tell you, but the nature lover knows better.

If our hedges were destroyed there would be a revolution in the lives of our "brothers and sisters lower down."

THE HISTORY OF THEM.

History tells us that hedges were not common until the seventeenth century and that in earlier times man marked his divisions of land by means of mounds of earth or by trenches. In some parts of the country one finds stone walls and ugly wire fences in place of artistic hedgerows, but no one admires them. We do admire our hedges and we should certainly miss them if they were abolished.

They may be!

When the sickle was used for reaping and

THE PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.—No. 4.



Is it always his fault that he is unmarried?—(By W. K. Haselden.)

Devonshire college has been taking measurements, and in the "Journal" of the Board of Agriculture has recorded that hedgerow widths average 11.76ft.

Will the scientists and the motor-tractors between them abolish that which makes half the charm of our English countryside?

Think of the hedgerow in spring when the white wash of the blackthorn greets you, when violetty coyly hide and scent the air and perky primroses and golden celandines star the banks. Remember May evenings, when you walked along the country lane to be greeted with the pungent smell of the hawthorn's flower, and, later, when riotous wild roses and fragrant honeysuckles scrambled over, and a whole galaxy of flowerlings cheered the lover of nature who walked along the dusty highway. Recall, too, that tangle of beauty you found in autumn, when the banqueting table of the birds was spread with scarlet and crimson fruits and luscious berries. That hedgerow harvest was appreciated by mortals as well as by the feathered folk!

And, during the year, what harbourage a hedge forms for the things of the wild!

the pack horse carried away the crop, small fields were all right, says the economist, but now that modern methods include the motor tractor and there is every facility for clearing wide spaces swiftly, hedges are in the way. Little fields are not economical to-day and little fields must go.

Redundant hedgerows are doomed, without a doubt, but let us hope that we shall still retain the hedge as a boundary to the King's highway. Surely that much may be granted to our artistic weakness in face of economy.

But to plead for the retention of all the hedges of our countryside would be useless in face of the fact that if half the hedgerow acreage in England and Wales were sown with wheat there would be yield enough "to provide bread for over a million people for a whole year."

I am afraid that most of civilisation is a struggle between beauty and use.

And beauty rarely wins.

It can't expect to until people come to see that it also is useful in its way.

It has the "use" of creating health and happiness!

J. K.

SUGGESTED TAXES.

HINTS FOR THE CHANCELLOR AND THE NEW BUDGET.

A BROAD BASIS.

THE trouble with nearly all the "freak taxes" proposed by your correspondents is that they would not bring in any money worth the expense of collection.

What the Chancellor wants is a tax with a broad basis, and this can only be found in self-sacrifice by a large section of the community.

C. S.

"UNEARNED" INCOME.

I HAVE £50 in the Post Office Savings Bank, the savings and interest of some years, and stated this fact when filling up my income-tax form, the interest being £1.5s. I was taxed at 3s. 9d. on this as unearned income at 3s. in the £.

Can any of your readers beat this?

WESTON.

TAX VANITY

AS a bachelor, I might suggest that instead of taxing billiard cues and tobacco pipes (almost unknown, sad to relate, to married men) that a heavy tax be levied upon such items of toilet as powder and perfume, which the flimsy lingerie with which the daughters of Eve so lavishly adorn themselves to ensnare the unwary and perfectly happy bachelor?

Why not a tax upon the spinster (especially as they now claim the same rights as man). After all, why tax the things that soothe a man's temper? It would be a far, far better thing to tax the immediate cause of it.

"N. D. B." should not despair, either. Leap Year comes in 1920 and, should the bachelor be taxed, there would be many men willing to marry, although I, for one, prefer the lesser evil.

HAPPY BACHELORE.

SOLDIERS ALSO?

I WONDER if soldiers will also come under the bachelors' tax.

As it is laid down that allowances will not be paid to families of soldiers marrying after December, 1918, it is impossible for them to marry. So it will be rather absurd to tax them.

Considering that a large number of these men are compelled to remain in the Army of Occupation, it is grossly unfair to debar them from marriage, whilst men who happened to get married at an earlier date can rest assured that their wives will be to a certain extent provided for.

To a regular soldier (who is compelled to remain in Army of Occupation), and who has probably served four years already in France or Belgium, this is a great injustice.

REGULAR SOLDIER'S FIANCÉE.

BOOTS AND CYCLES.

IT would be as well for "W. H. K." to know that footwear causes quite as much damage to roads as cycles, also that it costs quite as much for a cyclist for upkeep of a bicycle for twelve months as it does the road walker for boots.

A suggestion by "W. H. K." in his article of taxation nonsense would probably have brought his letter more to the public eye.

Shorncliffe.

T. R. LOWE.

N.C.C.

YOU published a picture of Conscientious Objectors who were released from prison the other day, but has any thought been given to men of the Conscientious Objectors who have been in France for over three years?

These men, who for the sake of their conscience refused to kill, but who were ready and willing to do any other work, should surely be thought of before men who have done absolutely nothing to help on the war. Over 2,000,000 men have been released from the Army, many, no doubt, who have never been out of this country. Is it not fair and just that men in the N.C.O. should be released?

A GIRL ENGAGED TO ONE.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

I have read with interest (and will confess with scepticism) the article written by Mrs. Adrian Ross in connection with "A law for long engagements."

It seems to me that these long engagements often spell disaster. Surely it is too late to "try and get to know one another" during an engagement?

To an honourable, serious-minded man or woman an engagement ring is as binding as the wedding ring—it is an outward symbol that two people have arrived at that stage in their lives when they realise their desire to be "all in all" to one another. It is therefore "too late" to reconsider matters.

L. R. VINNELL.

A HURRIED PEACE?

I FAIL to understand why some people should be continually harping on the "speed-up-the-peace" question.

They seem to forget that the questions to be settled are not ordinary every-day matters that can be decided and finished within five minutes.

Let Lloyd George alone! He's doing his best for us. The government couldn't do it any better. I'm not in favour of a warrant, and I also venture to say that if the Peace Conference was hurried through, and later on the decisions arrived at turned out unsatisfactorily, those same grubbers would be the first to say: "Why didn't they take longer over the matter and settle it properly at first?"

R. E. H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.—Dr. Johnson.

EVERY GIRL'S OPPORTUNITY

Do You Think You Can Become a Great
FILM ACTRESS?

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OF A STRIKING

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It is, in plain language, the greatest 6s. worth ever offered to the gardener or allotment holder.

Beet, Long, ½ oz.	Carrot, Inter., ½ oz.
Beet, Globe, 1-3rd oz.	Leek, ½ oz.
Broad Beans, ½ pt.	Lettuce, Cab., ½ oz.
Runner Beans, ½ pt.	Lettuce, Cos., ½ oz.
Cabbage, Spr., 1 pt.	Onion for Spring use, ½ oz.
(about 1,000 seeds)	Onion for Main Crop, ½ oz.
Cabbage, Atm., 1 pt.	Parsnip, 1 oz.
(about 1,000 seeds)	Pear, Dwarf, ½ pt.
Savoy Cabbage, 1 pt.	Pea, Pea, ½ pt.
(about 1,000 seeds)	Radish, 1 oz.
Broccoli, 1 pt.	Turnip, White, 1 pt.
(about 300 seeds)	(about 1,500 seeds)
Cauliflower, 1 pt.	Turnip, Yellow, 1 pt.
(about 300 seeds)	(about 1,500 seeds)
Borecole, 1 pt.	Vegetable Marrow, 1 pt.
(about 1,500 seeds)	(6 seeds)
Carrot, Long, 1 oz.	

With each collection is included three extra packets as follows:
One Packet New "Chicken" Lettuce, an Ideal Chicken Food.
One Packet Mammoth Russian Sunflower for feeding Poultry.
One Packet Maize or Sugar Corn, a delicious Vegetable.

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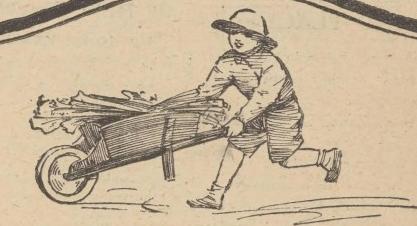
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What a wonderful dish Bird's Custard and Rhubarb is! The health in the juicy crimson sticks is a natural safeguard against epidemics, and everybody knows that Bird's Nutritious Custard is sterling body-building food.

No need to take a substitute, to have the next best. — With ample stocks everywhere, you can now have the genuine Bird's Custard in plenty.

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BIRD'S Custard alone supplies the corrective to any excess acid in the Rhubarb. It adds a wealth of easily digested nutrient, besides making the Rhubarb acceptable to the system.

To safeguard health, refuse all substitutes for BIRDS.

C515

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY". To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats, Wed. and Sat. at 2, 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.20.
AMBASSADEUR. To-night, 8. LEAD WHITING. A new comedy by "The Man". Tues. Mat. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.45. APOLLO—Gerr., 3243. Every evening at 8. Mat, Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.30. *OPEN SIGHT*, a new Musical Play.

BEECHAM OPEN SIGHT, Drury Lane.—To-day, at 2, 8.15. "Battledore".

COMEDY—Evenings, at 8.15. "TALES UP". A Musical Entertainment.

COURT—Every evening, 7.45. Mat. Wed. and Easter Mon. 2.15.

"School for Scandal". "Twelfth Night". Mats. Sat. 2.15.

CRITERION—Evens. 8.30. "OUT OF ME, HUMPHREY".

Mats. Tues. and Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

DALY'S. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS".

Mat. Tues. and Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S—Tues. and Thurs. FROM TOSCA".

Iris Hoey, Eric Lewis. Mats. Tu. Sat. April 21, 2.30.

GARRICK—Evens. 8. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. C. B. COOPER—Robbie Burns.

GLOBE—Marie Lohr. At 2.15 and 8.15. "VICTORY".

By B. M. Hastings. Mat. Wed. Sat. and Easter Monday. 2.15.

HAROLD—John Gielgud. Tues. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. and Easter Monday. 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S (3rd Year). CHY CHIN CHOW.

Mat. Tues. and Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

KINGSWAY. Last 2. Perfs. 8.15. *SOLDIER BOY!*

Tues. at 2.30 and 8.15. Ger. 4032.

LONDON—"THE CHINESE GARDEN". 4 YOU

WERE. Eves. 2.20. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

LYCEUM—"THE FEMALE HUN".

Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30 and 7.30.

LYRIC—DORIS KEANE in "ROMEO and JULIET".

ELLEN TERRY. TUES. 7.30. First Mat. Wed. 2.15.

LYRIC HAMMERSMITH—Evens. 8. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Mr. BRHAM LINCOLN.

MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 3 and 8 p.m.

Wonders Programmes. 8. Mat. Tues. 2.30.

NEW 3000. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL". Ethel Irving, L. Braithwaite, L. M. Leon. Mats. M. Th. Sat. 2.30.

OXFORD—Eva. 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH".

Madge Tilleridge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE—Evens. 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

Chas. Hawtry, Gladys Cooper. Mat. Mon. Th. S. 2.30.

PRINCES—Tues. 2.30 and 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESS".

Mr. BRHAM LINCOLN.

QUEEN'S. Tues. Evening. 8. "THE HOUSE OF PERIL".

Owen Moore. 8.15. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

Royal Opera House. Tues. Mat. Tues. 2.30.

W. S. Maugham. Fay Compton, C. A. Smith. Eva Moore.

ST. JAMES'—Gertrude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH".

Tues. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S—Evenings. 8. "SLEEPING PART NERS". SEYMOUR HICKS. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

SAVILE ROW—"THE WITTING BY THE TRUTH". 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SCALA—MATHEWS LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK".

Eves. 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

SCANDAL—ARTHUR BOUROCHE in "SCANDAL".

Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

STRAND—ARTHUR BOUROCHE in "VAUDEVILLE".

At 8.15. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ".

Revue. Margaret Banham. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

WYNDRAM'S—THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy by H. V. H. Price. Tues. and 8.15. Mat. Tues. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

ALHAMBRA—Eva. 8. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. "Bing Boys on Broadway". Violet Lorraine, Gus McNaughton.

COLISEUM—Gen. 7.541. 2.30, 7.45. Godfrey Tearle, R. R. R. Ross, etc.

HIPPODROME, London—2.30, 8.30. "JOY BELLS!"

SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEO. ROBEY, etc. Gerr. 653.

LAUREL—"The Laurel". 2.30. "A LAUREL".

AMERICA! Elsie Janis, Maurice Chevalier, Billy Merson.

PALLADIUM—2.30, 6 and 8.45. Ruth Vincent, George Grossmith, etc.

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Gt. Portland-st.—"WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC".

QUEEN'S—"QUEEN OF SHEBA". 2.30, 8.15.

QUEEN'S GALLERIES—"A LAPEL". 2.30, 8.15.

QUEEN'S (Small) HALL, Tea Dance. 4 p.m. (4s. ed.)

Evening Dance. 8 p.m. Eve Dress (6s. 6d.). Jazz-Band.

QUEEN'S HALL, New Bond-st.—"A LAPEL". 2.30, 8.15. Cinema Lecture. Allenby's Crusaders in Palestine.

PERSONAL.

KID BUNNIE.—Delighted with letters, was anxious, am well, but not happy. April 1917; never will forget.—M. H.

OPTION.—Stand-up comic. Mrs. Mabel Miller, 100 Sloane-st., Trunks. Underwear, Everything.

World's largest second-hand dealers. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outfitting. Second-hand clothes, shoes, hats, coats, etc.

Trade—Guckman's Uniformaries, Devonport.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only. Miss Florence Wood, 29, Grosvenor-st., W.1.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Lace Handkerchiefs, 3s. 6d. each; 3s. 6d.; 10s.; edging; one inch deep, corners turned.—Mrs. Armstrong, Lace Industry, Olney, Bucks.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of £10 per week. Persons can send their name and address to the Office of THE DAILY MIRROR, 10, Old Bond-st., W.1. The name and address of sender must also be sent.

Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23, Grosvenor-st., W.1.

Advertisement Office, 10, Old Bond-st., W.1.

HOW THE ATLANTIC WILL BE FLOWN.

SCIENTISTS WHO ARE MAKING THE FLIGHT POSSIBLE.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

This article describes one side of flying that is seldom realised by the general public.

I HAVE been seeing some preparations for the coming attempt to fly the Atlantic.

As most of us do, I thought that the thing that really mattered was the aeroplane. My mind ran to enormous petrol tanks and engine endurance.

I had a hazy sort of idea that all you had to do was to get a big enough machine, fill up with oil, petrol and provisions, start her up in Ireland or Newfoundland, and then, if the engine did not fail, eventually you flopped down in Newfoundland or Ireland and wired for the prize.

I was wrong.

What really matters, I have learned now, are charts and maps and frightening details of barometric pressure or the "angle of attack."

I was taught this in a quiet room in Norwich.

If you looked out of the window you saw a huge framework like a skeleton whale. That was the machine under construction. Nobody seemed to worry much about that.

THE QUIET OFFICE.

A mile or two away up on the aerodrome on Mousehold Heath I had previously seen the elder brother—or should it be sister—of the skeleton whale. She was complete, a sort of flying submarine in appearance, and she had already done all kinds of amazing things in the air. Airmen know her as the "Boulton and Paul Bourges."

She had been designed to carry very large bombs—and lots of them—for very long distances, very much to alarm recalcitrant Hunns.

The skeleton whale was to be almost her twin, except that she would carry bigger engines and instead of bombs, petrol in giant tanks.

Her makers and designers did not seem to think much more about her; it was not the machine that worried them. It was the results of the equations and the inferences to be drawn from curly lines on complicated maps which I was to see in the quiet office, that seemed to them the difficulties that an Atlantic flight presented.

So, up I went, a little disillusioned, to the quiet office.

There I found three quiet, wise men flying the Atlantic.

The three wise men were calmly, deliberately and accurately juggling with masses of figures.

THE MAN WHO SAYS "GO."

To one it was a matter of the greatest interest to discover at what particular height the flight should be attempted. According to the height decided upon certain modifications in the skeleton whale would have to be made.

Here I met the phrase "the angle of attack," which, to my muddled lay mind, means that it is a matter of supreme importance to see that your aeroplane was propped through the air in a very precise position.

Then I met science at work on air density: science calculating in matters of oxygen for the passengers, debating on affairs of human endurance at 10,000, 15,000 or 20,000 feet above Atlantic level.

Science was there, too, poring over the most abstruse weather charts, striving to wrench from the Atlantic the secrets of her winds and squalls and gales.

From the arrows and curves and shadings of his maps this weather-wise man was elaborating the most detailed information.

His job, it appeared, was to say "Go."

He was striving to be in such a position that on the great day he might look at half-a-dozen telegrams, the barometer, the past history of Atlantic's winds, and from his own vast experience say to the pilot: "Now's your chance," so to speak.

"That cyclonic disturbance over Iceland will be on your tail off Ireland if you don't hurry. Never mind about that little depression you will meet 650 miles out, that will pass, but look out for a forty-mile-an-hour wind about three hours before you get over. It ought to help you."

At least that is the impression I gained.

I was told many more things, and imperfectly understood them; but I came away with quite another point of view.

Science is going to fly the Atlantic. It is not just the 1,900 miles from point to point that has to be overcome, it is the air and the things of the air, the fogs and the winds.

DOES LOVE MAKE LOVERS SELFISH?

HOW PARENTS MIGHT HELP THE NEWLY-ENGAGED.

By Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH.

DEIRDRE has fallen in love.

Her mother came to me in much distress the other day, declaring that since her daughter has become engaged everything save Dick is ignored and forgotten.

The family . . . the world has passed into a state of semi-oblivion so far as Deirdre is concerned.

And what about Dick?

Dick's parents, although approving and admiring his choice, sigh regretfully, realising that their boy is no longer their own, but they are both sensible enough to acquiesce. Nevertheless, it was Dick's mother, a sweet, white-haired, tolerant old lady, who voiced the opinion that love tended to make lovers selfish.

It is an opinion shared by multitudes of other parents, relations and friends of engaged couples, but it is one from which I differ.

I am bound to concede, however, that for a time, at least, the mating period affects both man and woman, so that they are in that uplifted—dare I say, intoxicated—condition.

Mundane matters are beneath their ken. They live in a little illuminated world of their own.

After a time the lovers return to earth.

They may still wrap themselves in the rosy draperies of romance, and each regard the other as the most wonderful and perfect being, but, little by little, they will begin to remember that there are other wonderful beings in the world. And it is for this moment

of returning consciousness the wise parent will look.

The worst of it is, parents are often slightly resentful over the engrossing love affair, and in consequence miss the psychological moment.

Yet, it is now, if ever in her life, a daughter desires and needs a mother's guidance.

She may not even be aware of the existence of this desire herself, but she has unexplained longings and inexplicable thoughts, and in her heart of hearts there is a yearning towards one of her own sex.

That is the moment when a mother's arms around her, and the garnered wisdom of her life set out for her, will save the girl from making many mistakes and probably prevent another married marriage.

Some people are a little wont to sneer at romance, to look on it as an accompaniment to the courting period, but as a thing to be abandoned after the marriage ceremony. Others know better, and realise that romance kept up throughout life is one of the best factors for welding two lives so that they become indissolubly one.

Love, if it be real love, does not make for selfishness.

The two lovers realise that they are on the threshold of a new life, and some innate and mystical sense lifts them for a time, so that all save their two selves are forgotten.

Do not blame them, or call them selfish, but watch wisely for the moment when they begin to return to earth, as it were.

The wise mother and father, discarding self and desiring the supreme happiness of the son, can make him their own, too, even as they give him to the girl he has chosen.

So that the question may resolve itself into another form: Are not parents selfish when their children fall in love?

WHY NOT TAX RACE-COURSE BETTING?

HOW REVENUE IS RAISED FROM THE TURF IN FRANCE.

By "COMMISSION AGENT."

The system of Government-controlled betting common in many countries is explained.

WE are all agreed that heroic measures are needed to pay for a colossal war, of which our own financial share now reaches the stupendous total of £9,600,000,000.

This was our expenditure in round figures between August 4, 1914, and March 22, 1919. Now, the record crowds at the Grand National suggested to me the racecourse as a new source of revenue.

The backing of horses runs into untold millions of pounds.

The record bet was, I believe, a "partnership" affair of £270,000, laid on a Goodwood horse of the dismal name of Mildew. And he failed to finish in the first four!

What has been called "the passion of gambling" has never yet been eliminated from our social system.

Even the village parson knows the money value of a raffle at the local jumble sale or bazaar. Foreign nations have long since recognised this human weakness.

It is quite certain that even the foremost statesmen of to-day have no indignant veto when it comes to subscribing public funds in this manner. "I have an open mind," Mr. Bonar Law declared in the House of Commons, "on the subject of raising money for the war by the issue of premium bonds."

THE PARI-MUTUEL.

As for the Turf, British legislation has for generations pursued the better with no appreciable result.

Over fifty years ago (in 1866) the French Government prudently "harnessed" the post and ante-post betting on the racecourse, and established the Pari-mutuel method.

This prevails nearly everywhere on the Continent of Europe, and also in the Colonies. For no Anti-Gambling League can ever eradicate a craving which is as old as humanity itself.

"Betting"—in the terms of moral theology—"is the making of a contract on an unascertained event, by which the parties are to gain or lose, according as the uncertainty is determined."

Vast sums change hands during the Grande Semaine, or classic week of the French Turf.

The Grand Prix de Paris of 1914 offered £16,000 to the winning horse alone, and tens of millions of francs are betted during the big events at Longchamp, Maisons Laffite, Auteuil and Chantilly—where the Prix de Jockey Club, or French Derby, is run.

These are national holidays. It is at the races that the coming Paris fashions are shown in women's summer dress. The crowds are truly enormous; and through the Pari-mutuel, or Totalisator system, the State regulates the betting and takes a benignant toll for social purposes of its own.

HOW THE SCHEME WORKS.

Rows of booths are established behind the stands, and before each are shown lists of the horses' numbers in the coming race.

The wager laid may range from 5/- (4s. 2d.) to 1,000/-, or £10. The better goes quietly to the clerk in charge and selects the number of his horse, deciding also whether he will back it to win or only for a place.

He receives a voucher for the money paid, and then goes away to enjoy the scene and the race. When all is over the total amount received by the clerk is added together and divided.

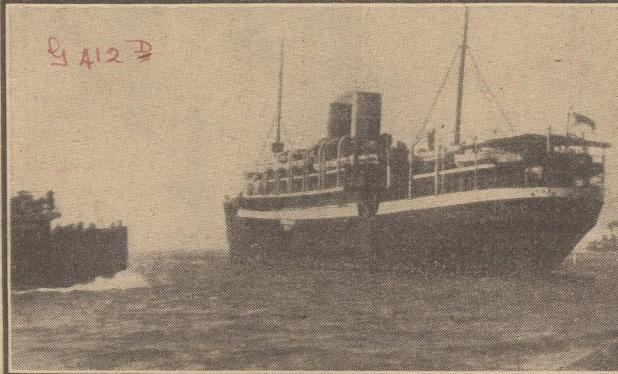
Dividends and percentages are allowed for the expenses of administration and also for national objects.

After a French race calculations are very quickly made, and the sums to be paid out to winners exhibited on the boards. Prices are reckoned on a 10/- unit. Thus, if 25/- is announced for a winner, it means that the modest punter gets back his original 10/- plus another fifteen.

The money is handed over immediately by a special clerk in the office where the bet was made. So the whole affair is tranquil and discreet, with no vulgar fuss or uproar.

But when all is said, racecourse betting is far greater in volume over here than it is in France. And if backing horses is to continue at all it is surely worth while for the State to take due toll of the millions of pounds that change hands, from the first spring meeting to "Glorious Goodwood"—that late summer meeting in the Duke of Richmond's park, where "easy money" passes.

And a stiff tax would smoothly collect itself.



FIRST HUN MERCHANT SHIP TO REACH LIVERPOOL.—The Bremen, a big liner, surrendered by the Germans to the Allies, steaming up the Mersey estuary.

TO-DAY IN THE FRENCH WAR AREA.

HOW SHATTERED HOMES ARE BEING PATCHED UP.

By Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND.

I SAW the immortal spirit of France on that cloudless summer's day, August 3, 1914, when, sad but undismayed, she shone from the faces of her sons and daughters.

I saw her again on October 5 of the same year, when I was accepted for service with her wounded.

But a few days ago I saw this ever-living spirit under yet another aspect. I stood where once had been La Bassee, and I thought that, save for a few figures in khaki, there was no living thing in the place.

I was wrong, for presently, on that wonderful Sunday morning, came little groups of men, women and children, trim as on the Paris boulevard, smiling as only a deathless spirit can smile; seeking the sunshine from the cellars which were all that remained of the houses of what was once a town.

From four bare walls roughly roofed over floated the Tricolour; and within, at a table of surpassing cleanliness, served by a woman in an apron of dazzling whiteness, sat a pink-cheeked, spotless "Tommy," eating as promptly-looking a meal as I had seen for many a day.

Madame, as she brought me my coffee, said that she had been doing quite a good business with our Salvage Corps working not far off.

No, it was not lonely. Her husband, her

sister and her baby were with her, and about fifty of the former inhabitants had returned and were living amidst the ruins.

Presently, as we stood without in the sunshine, there came the roar of a large aeroplane, passing low over our heads. It was the Cologne-Boulogne mail!

The most terrible spot in La Bassee is still the graveyard. It is only the German graves that remain undisturbed.

Then on to Loos and Lens, where the cathedral can only be distinguished as a higher rubbish heap than those around it, and not the vestige of a house remains. By the roadside still he scattered boxes of ammunition, live shells and bombs, drums for machine guns, and here and there stacks of giant shells and shell cases.

In a great plain, the very embodiment of desolation, rises the large, solemn memorial to the gallant Canadians, with the Vimy Ridge hard by.

And Arras! It is inhabited, like Bethune, in part. But what an everlasting reproach will the cathedral and town hall remain, to be kept as they stand, so that all generations may have before their eyes the perpetual evidence of German barbarity.

And yet, through it all, France smiles. The old men, the demobilised, and the permissionaires are busy tinkering up the roofs of the raidied towns and painting and papering where no hand has busied itself for years past.

But the devastated areas must wait for a comprehensive scheme of restoration, for even to clear away the ruins appears a task too gigantic for any except a national effort.

ON BOURNEMOUTH BEACH



It is warm enough for children to play on Bournemouth beach.



As a compliment to the Americans, Old Glory flies from the sand fort. Already many people are going to the seaside, and there is every prospect of a fine Easter holiday.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY BY WINNER



Lord Charles Hope driving from the first tee.

Lord Charles Hope, British Army, and Captain Lister Kaye, Royal Air Force, were the finalists in the Active Services Golf Tournament at Sandy Lodge yesterday. It proved



Group of spectators. The Hon. Denys Scott



Captain Lister Kaye driving from the thirteenth tee.

a sensational g
men and terrif



THEIR C.O. SAYS "GOOD-BYE."—Major-General Macdonnell wishes Canadians good luck as they embark at Liverpool. Nearly all were 1914 men.



TWO WOMEN BURGESSSES.—North Berwick paid tribute to Mrs. Lyon, M.B.E., and Mrs. Whitelaw by conferring upon them the freedom of the Royal Burgh. Mrs. Lyon has lost three officer sons in the war, and the photograph shows her receiving the casket containing the burgess ticket from Provost McIntyre. Mrs. Whitelaw is seen seated behind her. She did valuable work for the troops.



BRIDESMAID.—Miss Peggy Tennant, to be one of Miss Elizabeth Asquith's bridesmaids. She is Mrs. Asquith's half-sister.



ANOTHER BRIDESMAID.—Miss Violet Keppel will be a bridesmaid to Miss Asquith. She is engaged to Major Denys Trefusis.



Q.M.A.A.C.—Miss Ivy Moss, Leeds. Now with R.A.S.C.



Miss Mario She helped



CLERK.—Miss Betty Sims, Bedford Park, London.



Miss Barbara A schoolgirl



DANGER BUILDING.—Miss Phyllis Donaldson, Bristol.



BEAUTY CONTEST.—£5 prizewinner

FROM EAST AFRICA



... being gradually cleared of their Hun population.



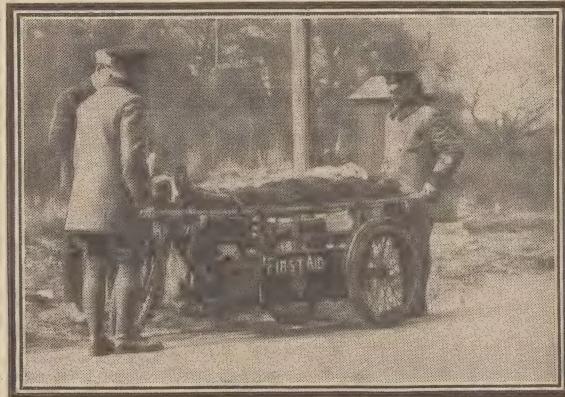
Uruguay (carrying silk hat) arriving at the University. U.S. warships lined the route, but as the landing of armed ad to be passed through the Assembly.

BATHING DRESS.



Bathing dress of blue taffeta with trimming of fringed inverted ruffles. The cap is of blue with white petal trimming.

FIRST AID MOTOR CYCLES.

9.12.06
Everything is to his hand if a breakdown occurs.

Motor-cycles fitted with spare tyres and tools for making minor repairs are being provided for motorists by the Automobile Association. They also carry a stretcher in case of accidents.



MUNITIONS.—Miss Dorothy Clews, Hockley Heather, Birmingham, 25 prize.



MUNITION WORK.—Mrs. P. King, Grantham Lines, 25 prize.



CLERK.—Miss Betty Cochran-Carr, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 25 prize.



HISTORIC INCIDENT.—The flag flown by H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, the flagship, when the German Dreadnaughts surrendered, is to be sent to Admiral Beatty. When it was hauled down the Grand Fleet ceased to exist and became the British Navy.



A TANK OF THE SEA.—A ship employed by the U.S. Government for harvesting kelp (a kind of seaweed). Nitrates are extracted from it.



DEBUTANTE.—Pamela, daughter of Lady Evelyn Cobbold. If a Court is held this season, there is a very long waiting list.



WESLEYAN PRESIDENT.—Dr. W. T. A. Barber, headmaster of Leys School, Cambridge, to be president of the Wesleyan Conference.

**Four Articles you must read
in To-morrow's**

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

The most widely read
paper of its kind
in the world.

AFTER FIVE MONTHS!



By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.
(Editor of "John Bull")

Who inquires how Britain stands
to-day, and urges the necessity of
clearing up the war's aftermath.

GIVE THE CHURCH ITS CHANCE!



By Rev. W. Temple, D.Litt.
(Leader of the "Life and Liberty" movement)

Who asks that the Church shall
be set free to help the nation in
the great tasks before it.

FUTURE OF THE EX-SOLDIER

By Austin Harrison

The Editor of the "English Review"
pleads for a bold and fearless policy.

WHY BRITAIN IS BAD TEMPERED

By Thomas Burke

Who calls attention to a disquieting
change in the social temperament.

Note the remarkable rise in the Circulation of the "Sunday Pictorial."

February 23	2,292,229	Copies
March 2	2,308,571	Copies
March 9	2,322,497	Copies
March 16	2,336,732	Copies
March 23	2,346,808	Copies
March 30	2,356,662	Copies
Last Sunday	2,379,295	Copies

In each case the figures are exclusive of complimentary, free and voucher copies.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss de Souza-Denier, daughter of one of the Barons de Souza-Denier, has been nursed in France since the outbreak of war.

CENTRAL HULL SENSATION

New Bill to Limit Working Hours—Entertaining at Buckingham Palace.

THE SENSATIONAL VICTORY of the "We Free" candidate at Central Hull was the all-engrossing topic of discussion in the lobby of the House of Commons and the leading political clubs yesterday. It had been generally anticipated that there would be a big turnover of votes, but nobody imagined that Sir Mark Sykes' majority of 10,371 in December last would be wiped out.

What a Coalition Liberal Thought.

A leading Coalitionist Liberal M.P. I met at St. Stephen's spoke bitterly of the want of judgment of the party managers in sending a member of a ducal family to fight a democratic constituency like Central Hull. "These disasters will recur frequently if men who represent great landed interests are foisted into constituencies of the type of Central Hull," he asserted.

The Dauntless Three.

Sir George Lambert's occupancy of the Front Opposition bench with Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. Adamson makes a funny situation. He is senior Privy Councillor, and therefore has precedence. Three leaders and six whips on one bench is unique in Parliamentary history.

The Stumbling Block.

Politicians who profess to know say that the Bolshevik question has really been the chief difficulty in Paris at the moment with the "Big Four," and not indemnities or the Saar coalfield.

Titled Farm Labourers.

At to-day's conference of the Agricultural Labourers' Union there will be found as a delegate from Worcestershire the Hon. E. Allsopp, uncle of Lord Hindlip. Mr. Allsopp has led the farm workers in Worcestershire for many years, and was elected by the members as a delegate for Worcestershire.

They Love London.

I hear the stay of the King and Queen at Windsor will be brief. For one thing, the Princes and their sister adore London and its life and are looking forward to a good time after Easter. Peace once signed, entertaining at Buckingham Palace will begin.

A Notable Orator.

Sir George Foster, who is one of the Canadian delegation to the Peace Conference—Canada's Big Four—is perhaps one of the finest speakers Canada possesses. He is the Minister of Trade and Commerce, and is very proud of the establishment in London of the Canadian Mission under the chairmanship of Mr. Lloyd Harris. London is to have an early opportunity of hearing Sir George on Canada's business outlook.



Sir George Foster.

Some Canadians are grieving over an unavoidable delay. The Dominion promised help to Rumania. It is in urgent need of clothing and when the Canadian Mission asked for ships none were to be had.

The Conquering Jazz.

Jazz has now taken root at the Piccadilly Hotel, where a new ballroom was formally opened last night with a fancy dress ball. There are, I understand, to be dances every afternoon and evening.

For V.A.D.s.

I can state as a fact that an announcement will shortly be made that a war gratuity is to be given to Voluntary Aid Detachment nurses who have been with the Army. This will remove a real grievance.

Pen and Sword.

Major Boraston, who was one of the staff accompanying Sir Douglas Haig on his return home, gave more assistance than anybody else in the preparation of the brilliant Haig dispatches. He is a son of Sir John Boraston, the Unionist agent, and a quiet but brainy officer.

Our Democratic Army.

Kipling's "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a bated ear" came very true in this last war, as Haig's dispatch shows. But a friend of mine told me that he never was more perturbed in his life than when he found a few weeks ago that the smart, quiet man who was cutting his hair was a real live major!

The Mounted Arm.

Sir Philip Chetwode, who is disposing of his Oakley Estate, in Staffordshire and Shropshire, is regarded as probably the finest cavalry leader in the British Army. Had General Allenby been summoned elsewhere, as at one time was thought possible, Sir Philip would undoubtedly have been given chief command of the Palestine Crusaders.

Miss Asquith and a Fashion.

I was told at the opera the other night that Miss Elizabeth Asquith was responsible for the vogue of decorating the hair with



The Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, chairman of the National Women's Auxiliary Committee, which has a big reconstruction programme.

fruit. Some women had bunches of white or purple grapes nestling in their locks. This is Miss Asquith's favourite hair decoration.

Influenza and Operations.

General Marshall, in his Mesopotamia dispatch, notes a curious circumstance, which will interest the "flu-rious." There was such a serious outbreak of "flu" in his army that special "influenza camps" had to be formed. As soon as active operations began again there were no more "flu" cases.

Big Lizzie.

H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth made the acquaintance of her new commander this week. He is Captain of the Hon. Matthew Best, Lord Wynnford's brother, who distinguished himself at Jutland, and is one of the few double D.S.O.s in the senior service.

Admiral at Home.

As a father, Admiral Mark Kerr is as great a success as he seems to be at everything he undertakes. His two little daughters adore him, and they show signs of being exceedingly clever as actresses, although their father, carrying out his pet theory, would not let them begin their education before the age of seven.

Women Playwrights.

The women dramatists seem to be coming into their own. I saw Miss Gladys Unger, fresh from her own success at the Criterion, watching "Time to Wake Up," the latest success by a new author, Miss Evelyn Glover, at the New Theatre. Mr. Harold Terry was present just to remind us that men dramatists are still alive, though not kicking at the success of the women.

The Great Unpaid.

Now that Mr. John de Grey has gone back to the Bar, it is interesting to ask who is the oldest magistrate according to length of service? I should think the record of Lord Brougham and Vaux takes a lot of beating. Fifty years ago this week he was appointed a J.P. for Cumberland.

She's Here.

I had read about her. I have seen her. She was walking in St. Paul's churchyard wearing a trim air costume, fur-trimmed helmet, "combination" blouse and trousers and all the rest of it. She looked very chic. I had not the cheek to ask her if she had entered for the transatlantic flight.

"Sacha" Married.

Anglo-Parisiens will be interested in the news that M. Sacha Guitry has been married this week. As a daring and original dramatist and a witty conversationalist, "Sacha" has for a long time had his special "nook" in Parisian Bohemia. He had another dramatist, M. Feydeau, as best man, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as a witness.

New Plays.

The theatres are beginning their Easter offensive. On Easter Monday afternoon the St. Martin's will see the new eugenic farce,

"The Very Idea," which is another of those American importations. Mr. Donald Calthrop and Miss Mary Glynn will be in it, and here is Miss Glynn.

Pre-War.

We are going back to pre-war hours, for at the St. Martin's the ordinary performance will begin at nine o'clock. This will give the tardiest diners time to finish their coffee.

New Name for Mines.

I heard an American naval officer who commanded a mine-laying vessel describe mines as "canned volcanoes." Descriptive!

Decontrol and Tennis.

That decontrol may have a beneficial effect on sports records is suggested to me when I notice that the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher beat Mr. J. C. Masterman at Queen's Club in the Covered Courts Championships. Mr. Fisher has been one of the keenest advocates of decontrol, and its advent (by instalments) has apparently put him at the top of his form.

THE RAMBLER.

"The Madonna of the Lakes."

I hear that Sir John Lavery has given to the Church of St. Patrick, Belfast, a picture entitled "The Madonna of the Lakes." It is the joint work of Sir John and Sir E. Lutvens. It will be unveiled on Easter Sunday. By the way, Sir John was baptised in this church on March 26, 1856.

Joint Work.

Collaboration is easy in a book or a play, but not so much so on a picture. The most notable partnership of this kind was when Mr. William Nicholson and Mr. James Pryde did their wonderful posters as the Beggarstaff Brothers. These famous affiches are now rare and fetch big prices.

"Love's Duplicate."

I have been allowed to read in advance the opening chapters of "Love's Duplicate," Iola Gilfillan's new serial, the first instalment of which appears in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*. Our successful contemporary is to be congratulated on having secured what is one of the most attractive love stories I have yet come across.

The New Fashion.

An offish friend of mine recently demobilised received an unexpected compliment from his small daughter on the day when he returned to "civvies." "Father," she said, "I'm so glad to see you in your armistice clothes again!"

A Winner.

Now that Golden Square has won Melbourne Inman his first racing victory, I wonder how long it will be before Reece makes an effort to join his great rival among the "winning owners."

Spot or Plain?

Reece, by the way, might even endeavour to improve on Inman's "billiards colours" of green and white stripes, red sleeves and cap. How would green, red cuffs, white cap with black spot do?



Whatever the weather, you'll run no risks from damp feet if you waterproof your boots by using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

This renowned dressing for footwear is again back to its pre-war standard. With all materials now obtainable, Cherry Blossom Boot Polish holds the premier place as a shine producer, leather preservative and waterproofing preparation for all leathers.

In This—Black, Brown and Tan.

TONETTE

gives the correct colour
to military equipment.



A SLIP OF A GIRL

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Peter Lathom, a young artist, and the son of a wealthy bookmaker, thought it was time he started doing a little work.

But he was staying at Heathersett—a quiet country village—the sort of place that invites idle hours. And work just then offered few inducements.

So he wandered into a forest, and in the June sunlight lay down under a tree.

Then suddenly a rescue came to him. He would paint a picture of Sleeping Beauty.

It was the oddest of coincidences that the Sleeping Beauty should appear to him in person just then.

There was a caravan in the wood. It had two occupants. One was Miss Joan Harwood, a lady of thirty-six, the other Miss Patricia Chance, a young actress of surpassing beauty, who was holding a boy.

A happy accident makes Peter acquainted with the caravanners. Peter's susceptible heart is touched.

His intimacy with Patricia deepens. More, she begins to be his model for the picture of the sleeping Beauty. But the wise Miss Harwood has doubts.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

PETER LATHOM stood ankle-deep in the miniature forest of reeds by the side of the little tumbling stream, finding together pieces by pieces the root split-combo rod.

Overhead a lark, swimming upwards into the bluish-blue, was singing as if from sheer joy of life.

A wandering breeze flocked the surface of the stream, ruffling the deep pools and shining shallows where the trout darted. He knotted the line after selecting a fly with frowning dejection, and made his first cast, just as a distant church clock was striking six.

It was not often that Peter was abroad at this early hour; perhaps he had been up altogether策划 when he had called. Mrs. Timson, faithful old maid, the instructions he had given so light-heartedly overnight, had knocked him up at five. Things look so different overnight. The thought of facing his cold tub at five o'clock even on a June morning, had called for the stuff that heroes or martyrs are made of.

However, the plunge had been taken, and here was by the brink of the river, with the green earth as fresh and clean as if it were a new-made world, feeling that life hadn't been.

Indirectly it was Pat's doing, for who has counted him with the fact that his bedroom curtains had still been drawn as she passed through the village street yesterday morning on her way back to breakfast after an hour's sleep.

Peter had felt she must be shown that there was nothing in this early rising, that she seemed to claim as a particular virtue of her own this idea was that if he were to show up at the caravan with some freshly caught trout for her breakfast it would be a good excuse for this early rising. Indeed, there was nothing in it. And probably Pat had called seven o'clock early.

"Good-morning, Well, he had been up since five."

There had been a gentle rain in the night; white clouds drifted across the sky; in the distance the down loomed out dim and grey with lingering mist. Weather conditions were perfect. But either the trout were not rising as they should, or Peter's skill left something to be desired. For a full half-hour he whipped the stream with no luck at all.

To add to his misery, the fishless was not to be thought of. He changed his fly in desperation—and his luck with it. A black gnat tempted a brace of trout to their doom in fairly quick succession, and his spirits rose. They weren't very big—still they were fish, and recognisable as such. Then after a long interval a third was added to the creel.

"Must make it a couple of brace."

On the strength of the two there was a big specimen charr he had had a covetous eye on for some time—a trout that would have made two of those he had caught. It lay motionless in deep water. A dozen times the cast had fallen, but all in vain. It seemed to watch Peter with a bored indifference, as though it had forgotten more than the absurd two-legged creature on the bank had ever known about salmonine needs.

Peter was neither. A mere fish to give itself up again, again he made a cast. The fly fell with beautiful precision. And then . . . the fisherman held his breath. It was a great moment. Plop! This St. Anthony among trout had yielded to temptation at last. It suddenly darted upwards at the black gnat. Peter was in the act of striking, when an object hurled itself at his legs with a bark of delight, the rod jerked spasmodically and the reprieved trout went off in a panic.

"You little beast!" he said to Peter II, disgusted. "Spoiling my shot like that!"

But Peter II, who, dog-like, wore his heart on his sleeve, looked so pleased with himself, tail wagging joyously in the excitement of having unexpectedly run across a pal, that the disappointed angler couldn't be angry with him.

"You little beast!" he said to Peter II, disgusted.

"Spoiling my shot like that!"

On the same moment a "Cooee!" from behind him made him turn quickly, to see Pat, in a saxe-blue tub frock, coming towards him through the thick dewy grass, getting her feet very wet, and with her hair gloriously ruffled.

"Hello! You're just out of bed, I suppose?" the boy challenged gaily, "and on a morning like this!"

"Isn't it shocking! You've been up hours, of course, judging by that halo of self-satisfaction that you seem to discern! Why didn't you tell me you were coming fishing? Then I'd have come, too."

"I hadn't the heart to disturb your slumber so long before your usual hour," he told her.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Pat laughed. "Listen to him, Peter!" she said to his namesake, "and you and I just back to breakfast after a good five-mile tramp! I think it's a pity to go to bed at all in the summer. Why, what's that Peter's got?" she broke off suddenly.

THE WAY OF YOUTH.

THE dog was worrying something that must have fallen from Peter's pocket as he pulled out his pipe. It was a letter, which Pat rescued just in time. As she handed it back to its owner she saw that it was unopened. A letter that had come through the post, but certainly not this morning; it was far too early for the postman.

You're a funny boy! Do you always treat your correspondence like that? Came letters about without troubling to open them?"

Peter laughed. It was a letter from one of his brothers and had come yesterday. He often let that particular handwriting wait.

"I expect that's how you treat my notes," she added with severity, "so I think I mustn't write any more to you."

"Oh, but wouldn't that be rather rough on the postman when we've found a new sphere of usefulness for him in his declining years?"

For the jaws of the old cracked dragon in the walled garden were sometimes made to serve as a post office for these two.

"Well, then, perhaps out of consideration for the dragon . . . Any luck?"

"These three," Peter lifted the lid of the creel. "There was one wily old chap—I'd been trying for him for a good two hours. Think I'd nearly bagged him, too, just as he was rising Peter, but put the lid on."

At the sound of his name that misguided animal wagged his tail and barked excitedly, as if under the impression that he was being complimented on something. Peter began to take his rod to pieces. There was no chance of any more fish now. Besides, it was breakfast time. His appetite alone would have told him that.

His eyes suddenly fell on Pat's shoes. "How could you earth did you walk through that long wet grass in silly thin shoes like that?" he demanded, risking your death of cold like that! I have half a mind to carry you back to the caravan."

"But you couldn't do that and carry the fish, too," she retorted gaily—"and you wouldn't leave them behind. You're far too proud of having slaughtered those poor little baby innocents!"

"Babies, indeed! Why, that big chap—if he's one inch, he's nine," was the dignified protest.

"I was just bringing along them for breakfast. I expect you can't cook 'em as trout should be cooked—I shall have to attend to that. So I propose inviting myself to breakfast, if you aren't afraid of the big appetite I shall bring."

"Peter II, will be sorry when he has to go back to bricks and mortar," Pat said suddenly.

"But—but you aren't going away yet?" the boy asked, coming forward.

"Oh, poor stage-folk like me can't afford to go holidaying endlessly, you know," she said.

"I say, Pat, you don't mean it? You've given me a shock—I shan't be able to eat any breakfast. You don't want to run away from Heathersett do you?"

"No, I love it. But—there are always 'buts,' you know, Peter." For the moment there was a serious look in the dark eyes.

"Oh, I won't hear of you going away. I've been thinking of weeks and weeks here yet. It would be too bad of you. I shall tackle Joan on the subject."

They reached the caravan to find Joan busy making coffee for breakfast. It all seemed so homely, so much part of his life now, the green van, and all it stood for, that this new fear of a coming break sent a pang of pain through Peter.

"I've brought Peter II breakfast," cried Pat, as Joan stopped and waved him a smiling greeting with the coffee pot. "He brined me with three trout—that he's so inordinately proud of that he's going to cook them himself! The conceit of the man! But I expect he sat up late into the night poring over Mrs. Beeton!"

But, despite her gay raillery, Peter had nothing to learn from Mrs. Beeton. He had learned a lot in Paris, studying without taking useful working knowledge of that greatest of arts. He was a little extravagant, perhaps, of his butter—but then, what good cook isn't? He stood over the frying pan, fork in hand, looking as professional as any chef, turning the fish till each side was a golden brown. By the time he pronounced them ready to serve those trout were the last word on the subject.

"You'll have to go on short commons, Peter, my son," he said to the terrier, as he dashed them. "There'd have been a fourth but for you!"

"Yes, you get your diploma all right, Peter," Pat said, as they sat down to the alfresco meal.

Trot fresh from the stream, eggs taken from the nest only a few hours ago, golden farm-house butter, and the greensward for table and a sky of glowing blue for roof, with the sun-highlighting down through the break in the trees to find beautiful golden lights in Pat's wind-blown hair. Could any breakfast have been more delightful?

He tackled Joan about that dreadful possibility Pat had hinted at.

"I say, you aren't really thinking of going away from Heathersett yet, are you? Pat gave me a bit of a start just now by hinting that there was a possibility."

For a moment Joan hesitated.

"I don't quite know. We—we might have to go quite suddenly. But I hope not just yet awhile."

"Well, I'm not going to lose sight of you, any way, when you do!" He spoke as if lightly, but

the lightness was rather an effort. "You'll find me a regular Old Man of the Sea, you know, whom you can't shake off!"

"But the picture's nearly finished," Joan said. "It would have been tragic if we'd had to stir things down again. If Pat wasn't here I should tell you that you've made her unbearable vain!"

"Nothing to what Peter's vanity will be when it makes him a celebrity!" Pat cried. "He'll be too proud to know us then, Joan—me, a mere poor, provincial actress!"

"Rather! I see the airs I shall give myself!" The picture had come on by strides lately. Peter was in high feather over it.

"I believe even my people won't think it half bad, you know—which will be a great blow to my brother Tom!"

Tom's letters usually contained little playful gibes at Peter's ambitions . . . the reason, perhaps, why their recipient would sometimes carry them about for days unopened.

"Doesn't it seem absurd to think I've only known you two from about the day I started that picture—just a handful of weeks. I feel as if I'd known you all my life," he said. "And, oh, my dear, I've been waiting for you all my life!"

But the last words were spoken under his breath, and Pat could not hear them. Only as he looked across at the beautiful flushed face her eyes suddenly dropped beneath the look in his . . .

Joan's eyes were on the boy's face. She knew . . .

HOW COULD YOU, PAT?

IT was almost too hot to paint that day. And, perhaps, still more than the heat, the tiny cloud that had crept over the horizon of his mind had helped to put Peter off his work.

"It's too early. I can't do a stroke to-day," the boy said at last that afternoon. "I shall only spoil what I've done. We'll take a day off, Pat, shall we?"

Accordingly they routed Joan out from the caravan, where she was clicking out on her typewriter a thrilling love-scene in a story for which an exasperated editor in London was waiting, and made her go with them to have tea at an inn in a neighbouring village, that held out the inducements of strawberries and cream.

They sat in the red-flagged parlour of the little inn, where the scent of apple blossom stole in through the open lattice window from the orchard behind. "It'll save cooking and washing up afterwards at home, if we do," Pat had said, who always referred to the caravan as home. And made their way back to the cool of the evening.

The sun dropped behind the great shoulder of the west; slowly, very slowly, the rose flush of the sky sank into the silent moon behind to silver the wood, filling its deep recesses with goblin shapes and shadows.

Pat lay back in a deck-chair, with her hands clasped behind her head. The boy had to consent himself with the caravan steps, for the hammock was temporarily hors de combat, having come to grief under Peter's weight yesterday. There was a pipe in his mouth, and innumerable matches lay in a semi-circle round him, because his pipe wouldn't keep in Joan that practical was making coffee for the three of them.

She was smoking a cigarette during the process. It was all right, of course, for Joan to smoke, but somehow Peter was rather glad—he couldn't have said exactly why—that Pat didn't.

In the depths of the wood the song of birds, the hum of the day's life, was still with the ground floor, that the country gathered to itself with a faintness of sight. Out of the sun and then from somewhere among the trees a bird would sleep drowsily as if talking in his sleep.

"Isn't this stillness wonderful?" Pat said abruptly, breaking a silence that had fallen. "It makes one feel as if one had suddenly come to the world's end, and had left people and cities thousands of miles behind us. Joan that lovely phrase you coined, that silence was like a sudden world."

"Not mine, my dear—I only wish it was! Unhappily it was a quotation."

"You scrupulous Joan! I shouldn't have known—and I'm sure Peter didn't. But it's just like that here, isn't it?—just unbroken silence, except for the crooning sound of the leaves, just as if some fairy was hushing her crying baby to sleep in the tree-tops. What a another match, Peter?" she added with a laugh.

When a man can't keep his pipe alight, it generally means one thing—that he's preoccupied in thought, and that his thoughts have a little bit of worry at the heart of them. A pipe responds to a cheerful mood by keeping in its own accord.

The boy was wondering what Heathersett would be like if the caravan and its inmates were to go. Until she came, he hadn't found the village particularly lonely. But now, to lose Pat . . . well, he'd have to pack up his traps too.

Even if he saw her afterwards in London it wouldn't be the same. This delightful intimacy of companionship that had come to be part of his daily life—that would be broken.

Besides, she might get a touring engagement that would take her to a new town each week. Her very profession would drag them apart. For other reasons, he had heard somehow the thought of Pat being on the stage, of countless eyes staring at her night after night; he felt jealous . . . no wonder he couldn't keep his pipe alight.

His eyes roved to Pat again, so like a child in her frank, outspoken directness, and yet a

very woman, too, with a hundred changing moods . . .

It seemed to him that he had loved her from the first moment when he had seen her. The Sleeping Princess of the old story—had fallen under the spell of her loveliness even before he had come to know the beautiful inner self that was the real Pat.

If he could have asked her to come to him for always, to be his wife—what answer would the girl have made? She was good, pale, thoughtful, only that? And did she ever guess what he had become to him, the incarnation of all those dreams that, each in his different way, all men have dreamed since God first made man and woman?

Probably he was a fool even to hope that Pat cared for him that way—and in any case what was the use of wondering? The boy kicked the turf impatiently.

He did not ask her to marry him; he had no right. He had yet to make good, to paint pictures that would sell; he was dependent entirely on his father, might even have to give up the hope of painting as a profession. How could he hope to ask any girl to marry him—oh, for centuries yet?

"Listen!"

Pat's cry cut suddenly across his thoughts. Somewhere in the dim wooded recesses of the forest a nightingale had begun to sing.

"But I thought nightingales ceased singing long before June was over," she said, as she listened to the exquisite passion-laden song trembling out upon the silence . . . Perhaps the nightingale's farewell song—that gift of melody that it knows for such brief weeks.

Pat had risen to her feet. He crossed over to her side, as the swelling notes, poignantly sweet, came to them out of the broken darkness, his eyes on her face.

Had there something—something—I don't know why—in a nightingale's song that half makes one want to cry?" Pat said suddenly.

It seemed to make the summer night complete—this night of almost unreal loveliness, with its magic wonder of soft lights and shadows and the faint mist that clothed the wood as in a silver veil of enchantment . . . And through it all that song from the hidden darkness that seemed to imprison in its liquid rapture all the dreams of youth, all the longing and desire of his own heart.

"Oh, Pat," the boy whispered suddenly—he had himself quite in hand just then, "you mustn't go, you mustn't!" Because . . .

Something he had no right to say was trembling on his lips—would perhaps have spoken itself—only that just then from round the caravan Joan came up to where they were standing, bringing the tray of coffee, and the spell was broken.

"Pat," said Joan, after Peter had gone that night, "I said you I was afraid—and I'm still afraid now that it's dangerous our staying on here."

Pat did not speak. Her breath was coming and going a little fast.

"That boy's in love with you—and he doesn't know, as you and I know, that in no case could you marry him," Joan went on. "And I'm afraid that, unless I whisk you away out of danger, you'll break his heart."

Joan paused for a moment, looking hard into the girl's troubled face, to add:

"And perhaps your own, Pat?" *

Two mornings later Peter had to meet his eldest brother, who was making a railway journey that would necessitate his having to change trains at a station eight miles away from Heathersett. The news had come in that letter he had been so long in opening.

Peter bicycled over to the station, and spent several uninteresting hours with an immaculately dressed brother Tom in the little market town. He heard much about the Lathom boat, and talked very little about himself or his "daubing," as Tom pleasantly put it.

His friends of the caravan he did not mention at all.

"I shall be glad when you've finally got this position out of your hands," Tom said, with a touch of irritation. "Still, I don't know when you've been allowed your head for two years and found there's nothing in it, you'll be only too glad to settle down to harness in a business where there's good hard cash to be made," he added hopefully.

Peter thought it was a pity to rob Tom of a cherished illusion, and said nothing.

He rode back to Heathersett after lunch, finding that a whole year's experience had given him a morning wasted.

Pat had seemed worried last night, as though something had clouded her usual gay spirits. He wondered if a letter she had received by the late post had anything to do with it. That had worried him, too, a little.

He left his bicycle at Mrs. Timson's cottage, and went on to the wood, his face eager, his eyes alight. What ages it seemed since he saw Peggy.

On the edge of the wood he gave the familiar "cooee," half-expecting it would bring Peter II rushing out to him through the trees. But there was no answering bark.

And then, as he strode forward, his heart seemed to stop in the middle of a beat.

He stared blankly. The caravan was gone. Gone without warning and without trace.

"Oh, how could you, Pat?" the boy whispered to himself.

He stood, with a desolate sense of loss, staring at the empty pitch.

Do not miss Monday's instalment of this fascinating serial.

THE DAILY MIRROR



Patricia Chance.

KENTISH COAST ITS OLD SELF AGAIN.

Seaside Resorts Expecting Pre-War Popularity.

SEASON'S ATTRACTIONS.

Kentish seaside towns, which have suffered sorely during the war, will show a happy revival of popularity this coming season.

After four years of completely darkened streets and parades, perpetual air raid warning, dug-outs and rigorous War Office rules and regulations, Kent coast towns will return to their jolly, care-free existence of pre-war times.

Many schools at Margate, Broadstairs and other towns, which were forced to move inland during the days of air raids, will be returning to their old quarters after the Easter holidays.

Old residents are also coming back; shops are being reopened, niggers, pierrots, ice-cream vendors, fruit-sellers, beach photographers and others (who have had a "thin" time during the war) are joyfully making their arrangements for the season.

ONLY SIGNS OF A WAR.

At Margate *The Daily Mirror* found an atmosphere of great optimism. Dozens of new restaurants have been opened in anticipation of summer holiday-makers.

Strikes of cliff and sand, which, with their hatched wire, dug-outs and trenches, have been more like the front line than "Merrie England" during the past four years, are once again their old selves.

Huge piles of rusty wire and thousands of decayed sandbags, which are being rapidly carted away, are the only signs that there has been a war.

All round the Kent coast it's the same story. At Alabrook Cliff towards Birchington, Herne Bay and Whitstable one may enjoy a walk without the danger of falling into trenches and gun-emplacements and the additional excitement of being arrested as a possible "spy."

The Isle of Sheppey, which has been a huge "strong-point" of coast defence during the war, is now resuming its normal peaceful self.

RECORD SEASON EXPECTED.

The following brief reports from Kent coast towns apropos of the coming season, show how the "Garden of England" is returning to happier times:

Deal.—There is every prospect of a record season. Easter booking very good. Royal Marine band will play; many other attractions.

Broadstairs.—Hotels and boarding-houses show excellent bookings for coming season. Uncle Mack's Minstrel Troupe opens at Whitstable military band; many other amusements and pastimes.

Hythe.—Large number of golfers expected for Easter and the season. The Lawn Tennis Association have arranged for a tournament; cricket week as pre-war days.

Westgate-on-Sea.—Every indication of a good season. Golf links reopen at Easter; lawn tennis grounds also. Concerts at Town Hall; dancing every evening except week.

Herne Bay.—Rapidly recovering from the effects of war. A brilliant season, with bands, concert parties, dancing, sports etc., is being arranged. Very good hotel bookings.

War Decorations.—On the Horse Guards' parade yesterday, Major-General Fielding, Officer-Commanding the London District, presented medals awarded for bravery in the field to thirty men.

DEARER CRICKET.

Old "Sixpenny" Gate Will Be a Shilling This Year.

M.C.C. AND AMUSEMENT TAX.

Bad news for cricket enthusiasts! The old sixpenny "gate" is doomed!

At Lord's and at most of the county cricket grounds the "gate" will be a shilling, instead of sixpence, this year.

This decision has been forced upon the M.C.C. and the various county cricket clubs by the conditions of the amusement tax, which holds that county cricket is an "entertainment" in the same way as a picture palace or a theatre.

Mr. F. E. Lacey, secretary of the M.C.C., expressed his views on the matter to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I think it is unfair that cricket should be taxed in the same way as other amusements," he said.

"As a result of the tax and also the increased expenses of these times we have been forced to increase the gate to a shilling. Whether the public will be content to pay remains to be seen."

"The tax is particularly hard in that county cricket is really a privately-run concern, clubs being supported chiefly by members' subscriptions. These subscriptions are, as you know, being heavily taxed."

"It often happens that a member of a county cricket club never attends a match—he is just a donor. I know of one man, a member of the Hampshire C.C.C. for twenty years, who never saw a match all that time."

"Nevertheless, he and other sport patrons will have to pay the 'amusement' tax. Here at the M.C.C., the tax amounts to 4s. 6d. (on the entrance fee) instead of 2s) and 5s. on the £5 entrance fee for new members."

"Cricket has always been such a healthy, wholesome pastime, both to players and onlookers, that to tax such a pleasure seems most unwise to me."

"There may still be time to change things. I am still fighting!"

HOARDED NOTES AND GOLD

Discovery of Coroner's Officer After Old Maid's Death.

When the inquiry was resumed at Hampstead yesterday into the death of Miss Marian Novra, aged seventy-five, living at Abbey-road, St. John's Wood, the coroner was informed of the discovery of a considerable sum of money in Miss Novra's lodgings.

The coroner's officer stated that on searching her room he found five £10 notes and thirteen £5 notes, eight £1 and ten £1 coins. Two sovereigns, a Norfolk and Suffolk note dated 1870, £3 in gold, £10 in silver, two Post Office Savings Bank books and some jewellery.

It was further stated Miss Novra, who was of independent means, was eccentric and had lately been very worried, as she had been given notice to leave her lodgings.

Suicide while of Unsound Mind was the verdict.

MILITARY CAMP TRAGEDY.

When two soldiers stationed at the military camp, Wimborne Common, were making a round of inspection on Thursday night they discovered in one of the huts the dead body of a man dressed in civilian clothes. A quantity of cyanide of potassium was found in his pockets.

Yesterday the body was identified as that of Charles Vidler, thirty-six, who had been in the Army and on Monday left the London Hospital, where he had been undergoing treatment for tuberculosis.

DAINTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE FOLK.



Who could resist the charms of a small girl clad in the daintiest garment of rose-patterned dimity bound with rose linen and cosy tasseled collar?

It is not only his big sister who wears a knitted jumper, for this small boy wears a jersey like hers, of grey, with jade stripes.

A dark-haired pink chequered child in a hemstitched frock of orchid yellow tied with goblin blue velvet is enough to turn any young man's head.



CEPÉA SERGE

The COTTON fabric with the SERGE finish.

The new Season's designs in stripes and checks on cream grounds in *guaranteed fast colours* are just the thing for the cotton frock, sports coat or costume, and the kiddies' tub frocks, jumper suits, pyjamas, &c. The name is on the selvedge—Cepéa Serge.

Of all leading Drapers. Width 36 inches.
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MISSING SOLDIERS.

BROWN.—2nd Lieut. John William Brown, 9th London, attached 5th Bn. A.C.T. Reported missing near Polygon or Gourock on August 16, 1917. Mother would be grateful for any information of him.—7, Therspa-road, Dulwich, S.E. 22.

PTE. S. POTTER, No. 6681, 103 B.C.L. 24th Division, 1st Bn. Missing since March 21, 1918. Information concerning him would be gratefully received by his mother and sisters.—Mrs. Potter, 3, Dorchester-street, New North-road, N.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Gent's Cast-off, Clothes, Highest Quality.—Send for free descriptive pamphlet and price-bills.—Pearce and Co., 135, Gray's Inn-rd, London.

WANTED.—GARDENING.

DOBIE and CO., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1919 Catalogue and Guide to Gardeners and all those interested in the mention.

20/- FRUIT Collection, 9/6.—Retarded for late planting.—Apples [Blenheim, Cox's Newlyn, Summer, Red, Pippin, Fine Sweet, Cox Grimes, Dicks, etc.]

FISH of choice quality direct from the premier Port, cleaned for cooking, parcels 5s. each, carriage paid; dried fish, cod, salmon, herrings, etc., supplied.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

FISH.—Parcels, carriage paid, direct from trawlers, from 5s.—retarded for cooking, same day.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

HAMS (Picnic), 6/8 avg., mild, good flavour, 1s. lb., car. paid.—Steward—Verney, Liverpool.

MARKETING BY POST.

RATE, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. Rate—Direct from the manufacturers, from 6s. upwards; cleaned and carried ready for sale; guaranteed.

Nepal Fish, Sun-dried Cod, Grimsby Dicks.

PEPPERS.—Fresh, dried, pickled, etc., supplied.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

LETTUCE.—50 Early Cauliflowers, 50 Ellams Cabbage, 6 Lettuce.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

KENDTOMATO PLANTS, 20 Celery, car. paid, 2s. 6d.—Clarke, Avenue Royal Hampton Nurseries, Middlesex.

GARDENING.

DOBIE and CO., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1919 Catalogue and Guide to Gardeners and all those interested in the mention.

20/- FRUIT Collection, 9/6.—Retarded for late planting.—Apples [Blenheim, Cox's Newlyn, Summer, Red, Pippin, Fine Sweet, Cox Grimes, Dicks, etc.]

Currants, 12 Raspberries, 2 Hallimays Berries, 1 Strawberry, 1 American Blackberry, car. free, 9s. 6d. Veg.—Parsnips, Turnips, Carrots, Beetroot, 6d.—Lettuce, 50 Early Cauliflowers, 50 Ellams Cabbage, 6 Lettuce.—Live Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.

WANTED.—SITUATIONS VACANT.

10/- Salaries.—Good Positions for Youths from 15 to 25 years of age.—Catering, Waiters, Servants, Med. fees.—Apply for Prospectus, D.M. London Telegraph Training College, 262, Earl's Court-rd, S.W.5.

DRESS.

SKIRTS.—Pleasee check, 10s. 6d. perfect fit, cut; satis-faction guaranteed.—Hamley's, 1914, Portobello-rd, London.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

ADY REID'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Car. Tel., Mayfair 5555. Hours, 10 to 7.

POLYGNOTUS SECURES GREENHAM STAKES.

Good Sport and Some Surprises at Newbury Races.

WHALLEY'S HAT TRICK.

NEWBURY, Friday Afternoon.
After four years of "war work" Newbury was itself again to-day. There were still signs of the military occupation adjoining the stands, but the course was quite clear, and the track itself was in splendid order. In spite of an unpromising morning all the special trains were packed, and what the attendance will be like to-morrow, when the Spring Cup will be decided, can hardly be conjectured.

In connection with that race it can be said that Callender will run and Carslake will ride, but I do not think the colt is fit enough yet to beat the Lincolnshire runner-up, Rivershore, who looks like spoiling the race, just as Arranmore did in 1909, after running second to Duke of Sparta at Lincoln. Sir Berkely, who will be ridden by Balding, is thought to possess a chance, but I fail to see what can beat Rivershore, who should make some amends for his Lincoln failure.

More than sixty horses were saddled this afternoon, and the racing throughout was well up to the Newbury pre-war standard. In past years the Greenham Stakes has brought out three-year-olds who have later played a big part in the classic races. Minorn was a case in point, and to-day it attracted the King's colt, Pesaro, engaged in the Guineas and the Derby, and Rizzio, a son of Signorinetta, who was reported to have made vast improvement since his two-year-old days.

POLYGNOTUS RETURNS TO FORM.

Of the thirteen runners, Polygnotus had significantly failed to reproduce his brilliant two-year-old form at Liverpool, but it was then claimed for the Sefton Lodge colt that he was the victim of an accident. Rizzio had been a strong tip for May 10, but the result of the competition opened the way for an extraordinary rush to get on, until finally the bookmakers asked for 7 to 4. Polygnotus was supported at seven-to-one, and there was little money for anything else.

Followers of Lord Rosebery's colours had a big disappointment, as the favourite was beaten by Polygnotus and Rapidian, Donoghue scoring on the latter by three-quarters of a length.

In the two selling races with which the afternoon opened an unknown filly by Great Sport-Believe It won that for two-year-olds, starting at the odds of 100 to 1, whilst that for older horses went to Chucberry, which was made favourite, despite the fact that he had no form on the flat.

Of the nineteen runners for the Beckingham Two-Year-Old Stakes very little was known, but flattering tales were in circulation concerning Lady Peg, from Reg. Dawson's stable, and she was backed down to 5 to 4, whilst Burberry, who had been behind Sunny Moon at Liverpool, was mentioned as a likely winner. Whalley, Burberry won, after a good race with his favourite by three-quarters of a length, another 20 to 1 chance in the filly by Valens-Miss Jessica being third.

Bruce Bridge was reckoned very nearly at the top of the two-year-old class last season, but in the Berkshire Handicap backers preferred the chance of Ramboda, and with the stable followers playing up to the hilt. This time, however, Whalley having his third winning ride of the afternoon. Selections for to-morrow—

2.0.—PIASSTE. 345—JEANIE SHIELS F. 415—TETE COLON. 415—THE REVOLUTION. 3.10—RIVERSHORE AND KROO BOY. BOUVIERIE.

NEWBURY RACING RETURNS.

2.0—JUVENILE 1 PLATE. 51—BELLE VALE F. TURFADAM H/CAP. 51—TIVOLI (5—Pinen). 2; MEXICAN EAGLE (5—Doughnut). 5. Also ran: Gurnka (7-2), By Gos (8-3). Six-hd. (Swain).

3.10—GREENHAM STAKES. 1m.—POLYGNOTUS (7-1). Donoghue (7-1). Rapidian (7-1). Land, B. Rizzi (4-7). G. H. Hulme (5). Also ran: Tete Colon (100-7); Pesaro (100-6); Wellington; Girvan; Extraktion; Old Bill; Chancery; Chancery; Whalley; and Polygon Wood (20-1). Three-quarters. (Locates.)

3.45—BECKINGHAM 2-Y.O. STAKES. 51—BURBERRY (100-6). 5. Also ran: Pines (5-4). E. Painter (2); 2; 2. Miss Jessie F (20-1). White (5). Also ran: Pauline, Swift Flight (5-1). Pleasure Ground, Epsilon, Romeo (1-1). Dodo (20-1). Three-quarters: two. (Farnborough) (Locates.)

4.15—BERKSHIRE 3-Y.O. H/CAP. 51—RAMBODA (Evans). 5. Also ran: Fourfold (100-8). E. Painter (2); 2; 2. Miss Jessie F (20-1). White (5). Also ran: Pauline, Swift Flight (5-1). Pleasure Ground, Epsilon, Romeo (1-1). Dodo (20-1). Three-quarters: two. (Farnborough) (Locates.)

4.45—CHEEVELEY H/CAP. 51—THE SPEAKER (100-8). Whalley (1). KING SOL (7-1). Leach (2). 2; SONNING (6-6). Flanagan (5). Also ran: Little Vic, Clouston, 2; 2. Miss Jessie F (20-1). White (5). Also ran: Pauline, Swift Flight (5-1). Pleasure Ground, Epsilon, Romeo (1-1). Dodo (20-1). Three-quarters: one. (Privately.)

4.45—ELCLINTON RESULTS. (10-1). 2.30—PLAYING Field (6-4). 3.10—George B. (2-5). 3.45—Not the White (7-4). 4.15—Ben Deverell (8-1). 4.45—Nant Cork (10-1).



THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.—Huntsmen and pack at a meet of the Herefordshire Hounds at Filsden.

7.1539

NEWBURY PROGRAMME.

2.0.—T.Y.O. SPRING S. PLATE, 150 sows; st.

Irish Green (Mr. S. Pickering). Above arrived.

Piasste (Mrs. T. Bremner). Private

Jovial (Capt. Mrs. P. Pickering). Green

Santrefida (Mr. J. Ivali). Farquharson

Belvoir (Lord Jersey). Moreton

Luckenny (Mr. Mr. R. Mills). Moreton

Kyle of Tongue f (Major Scott Murray). Gwilt

Amphada (Mr. Hobson). Robson

Land (Sir W. C. Marsh). Robson

Over There (Mr. E. J. Naughton). J. Rhodes

Swandal (Mr. W. T. de Pledge). Godfrey

Land (Sir W. C. Ward). Robson

Khaki (Mr. S. Withyman). Private

Mistake (Lord Zetland). Duddas

2.0.—W.H.T. 104 sows; st.

Landford (Lord Benson). Lambton

Snoose (Mr. P. Broom). Hackett

Violinist (Mr. D. Green). Rhodes

Lady Beg (Mr. J. Ivali). Young

De Gosh (Mr. E. de Mestre). De Mestris

Digby (Mr. H. Powley). H. Powley

Land (Mr. J. Shand). Duddas

2.0.—NEWBURY SPRING CUP (h/cap). 1,520 sows; im.

Rivershore (Mr. St. Joel). Loates

Callender (Lord D. B. Devereux). Loates

Sir Berkely (Duke of Portland). W. Waugh

2.0.—T.Y.O. STAKES, 200 sows; st.

Hainault (Lord Derby). Lambton

The Vixen (Capt. Hanbury). Dawson

Herself (Sir A. Bailey). Dawson

Violinist (Mr. E. Hilton). Baker

Signorina (Lord Cardigan). Hackett

Athdara (Mr. F. Benson). Persse

Thermometer (Mrs. A. Thorneycroft). Taylor

Verdon (Mr. R. Rayner). Persse

Daylight (Lady Macalmon). East

Armageddon (Mr. Sievier). Hartigan

Seahorse (Sir H. Hodges). Sievier

2.0.—T.Y.O. STAKES, 200 sows; st.

Joan's Folly (Lord Chaplin). East

Above arrived.

Rocking Queen (Mr. F. Benson). Baker

Palestine (Mr. F. Benson). Hackett

King Harry (Mr. Burns). Persse

Contact (Mr. F. Chilton). Calcutta

The Stickler (Mr. Clark). Persse

Herald (Mr. S. Denys). Pickering

Neptune (Mr. F. Franklyn). R. Day

Riches (Mr. Donald Fraser). Barling

Unity (Lord Lansdowne). Barling

Signorina (Lord Lansdowne). Baker

W. Waugh (Mr. N. F. P. Baker). Baker

Starvolt (Mr. F. Hardy). Hogg

Euston Corner (Mr. C. Hobson). Ward

Idyl (Mr. E. Hutton). Hartigan

Milo (Mr. F. P. Pease). Persse

W. Waugh (Mr. F. P. Pease). W. Waugh

2.0.—T.Y.O. STAKES, 200 sows; st.

Signorina (Lord Rosebery). Dawson

Above arrived.

Piastre (Mrs. T. Bremner). Baker

King Harry (Mr. Burns). Hackett

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Persse

Starvolt (Mr. F. Hardy). Calcutta

Fleming Fire (Mr. G. Barclay). Persse

East Cheshire (Mr. R. Rhodes). Tabor

Groves (Mr. G. G. Groves). Colbeck

Ivanhoe (Mr. J. White). Cottrell

Sheriff's Officer (Mr. de Pledge). J. Rhodes

Oval (Mr. F. P. Pease). Cottrell

Anahesk (Mr. H. Bradford). Bradford

Banbury (Mr. W. Cary). Private

Elbow (Mr. W. G. Elbow). Morris

Tom Fool (Mr. O. Carlton). Morris

2.0.—THATCHAM LONG-DISTANCE H/CAP, 250 sows; st.

Kroo Boy (Mr. N. F. P. Baker). Dundas

2.0.—T.Y.O. STAKES, 1m.—CHUCKBERRY.

Greek Scholar (Mr. A. Bowen). Rhodes

Leandros (Mr. A. Bowden). Manser

Kingfisher (Mr. S. B. Nelson). Westhales

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Mullens

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Tabor

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Colbeck

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Cottrell

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Dawson

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Green

Land (Mr. F. C. Cadogan). Dawson

Daily Mirror

Saturday, April 12, 1919.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Miss E. M. Kerr, the first woman to be admitted as member of the Institution of Naval Architects. She helped to design 39.6-knot vessel.



P.C. Edmund Forbes, Stoke Newington, retiring after 38 years' service. He never missed a day's duty and guarded the first bomb dropped on London.

THE SHOT DESERTER: SCENE OF LAMBETH TRAGEDY.



Bullet mark in the centre of the wall. The bullet was fired from near the shop further up.



10,000 MAJORITY WIPE OUT Commander J. M. Kenworthy (Ind. Liberd.), elected by a majority of 917 at Central Hall. The late Sir Mark Sykes' majority was 10,471. Both photographs show the new M.P.



Mr. F. B. G. Emery, outside his shop.



Mrs. Lambert (left) and Mrs. Ross.

When Private Robert Thomas Savage, a deserter, was shot fatally by one of his escort at Lambeth he was taken into the house of Mrs. Lambert, who, with Mrs. Ross, did all that was possible for the unfortunate man. Mr. Emery, a newsagent, was a witness of the tragedy.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



THE CHILDREN'S MAYOR.—Councillor Lovell, the Mayor of Leicester, the Mayoress and Miss Lovell welcome their young guests. Mr. Lovell has entertained 30,000 children during his tenure of office.



PRIEST RELEASED. Father Pieter Van Haelst, Belgian priest, who was captured by the Germans in 1914. He suffered many privations.



EX-M.P. DEAD. Sir John Rollason, who has died. He was a prominent Unionist and formerly sat for both Leicester and Hertford.



THE HUSH BEFORE THE STORM. "We are in the hush before the storm period," said Mr. Winston Churchill at the Aldwych Club luncheon yesterday. He is seen arriving.